

# The TATLER

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October 20, 1937



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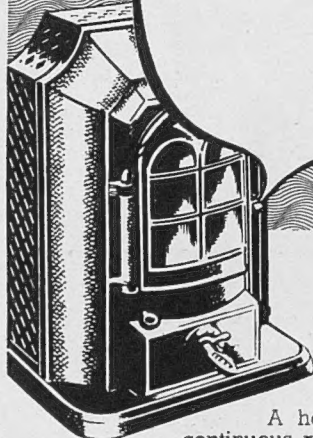
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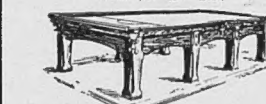
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# The TATTLER

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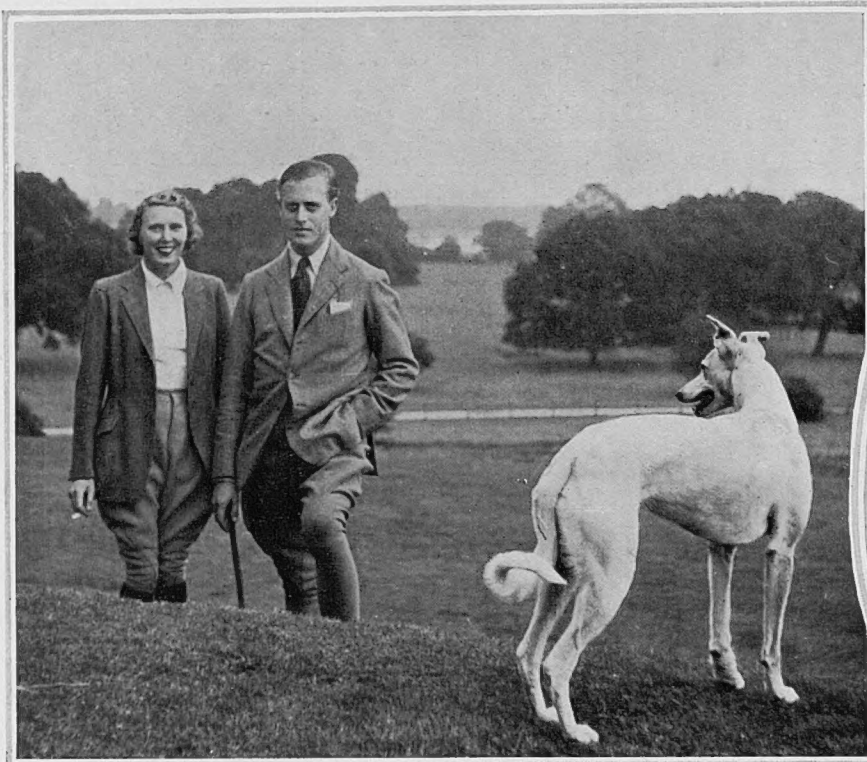


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## THE MARCHIONESS CURZON OF KEDLESTON

A new portrait of the widow of that world-famous figure, the 1st and last Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, who served his full term as Viceroy of India and an extension of two years. Lady Curzon, most eminent and admirable of hostesses, whose parties at Hackwood will long be remembered, now lives mainly in London. She still takes an interest in the racing game, but her colours are not so well known now as when she raced in partnership with Sir Mathew Wilson. Lady Curzon is a daughter of the late Mr. Munroe Hinds, of Alabama. Mr. Hubert Duggan, her son by her first marriage with the late Mr. Alfred Duggan, of Buenos Aires, is Member for Acton





LORD AND LADY NORMANTON AND ESCORT "SPIDER" AT SOMERLEY

Lord and Lady Normanton were married in London early in July, and the above picture was taken with a part of his estate at Somerley, Ringwood, Hants, as a background. Lady Normanton is the daughter of Lady Zouche and Sir Frederick Frankland. Lord Normanton was formerly in the Blues

"THE great secret, Eliza, is not having bad manners, or good manners, or any particular sort of manners, but having the same manner for all human souls: in short, behaving as if you were in Heaven, where there are no third-class carriages and one soul is as good as another," quoth Mr. Robert Morley, adequate as Henry Higgins, having been interesting as Oscar Wilde. The Old Vic audience, the very soul of London audiences, balancing ten-penny teas on its knees and remembering Mrs. Pat, responded joyously to Shaw's lightest piece, *Pygmalion*, in which the fascinating baggage Eliza (Miss Doolittle to Colonel Pickering) gets the better of her cockney accent and Henry Higgins. Diana Wynyard is a match in brains and stature for any man and, consequently, cut out to play Shaw's huntress heroines. She gave Eliza's little finger more Life Force, Glamour, It, and Sex Appeal than a Hollywood star possesses in her complete chassis and, talking it over afterwards, gave credit to her clothes. The pre-war dresses with their draped, bag-like backs, swathed cross-over fronts, huge herbaceous border hats and mid-calf tension, had it all *ce que je ne sais quoi*, and then some. No wonder our Edwardian aunts enjoyed such good times long before the wild-eyed Armistice generation set up its Good Time goddess, now regarded as rather a tiresome girl. We are back at some of the Victorian values, which is a Good Thing; duty, responsibility, citizenship, and other heavy guns having won the



Bassano

LADY PATRICK CRICHTON-STUART

The former Miss Jane von Bahr, whose marriage to the fourth son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bute took place last Thursday, October 14, at St. James's, Spanish Place. Lady Patrick Crichton-Stuart is the engaging daughter of Captain and Mrs. von Bahr, of Stockholm



AT THE SCOTTISH GUN-DOG TRIALS: THE HON. DUTHAC AND MRS. CARNEGIE

They were watching proceedings at the Scottish Field Trials Association's meeting at Dupplin. The Hon. Duthac Carnegie is Lord and Lady Southesk's youngest son and married the daughter of Lord Blackburn, a Lord of Session in Scotland. Lord Blackburn married Lady Constance Bowes-Lyon, who is a sister of the Earl of Strathmore, in 1893

day as they did a century ago in reaction to the ribald Regency. The much abused "Prinny" was primarily a man of taste, says Sitwell, and his Royal Pavilion at Brighton is being restored "as far as possible to render the decorations the same as those which existed in the days of King George IV," says "The Times." Queen Mary, our greatest antiquary, went over it last week-end with Princess Alice and Lord Athlone, putting her learning at the disposal of the experts, whom she so often confounds from her store of memories and knowledge. In this barbarian age Queen Mary's life and her love of beautiful things are shining examples. Following her example by breathing ozone were Mrs. Rosemary Horlick and pretty unmarried sister Patience Nicholl, seen walking with Peter Whitwell; while Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg consumed oysters at Sweetings', after taking his son and heir for an outing. Bearded Lord Cecil Manners, blonde Lady (Malcolm) Campbell and "Brighton regular" Lady Bertha Egerton, were at the Metropole, the Jerseys at the slot machines. He is a dab at throwing balls into a basket,



which accomplishment netted an enormous doll for Virginia. Most husbands manage to win cigarettes for themselves, if anything. The bathing huts were still out, although the water was in the fifties. A few superior beings still swim before breakfast, but beach life is hardly Brighton's claim to fame. It is the only English watering-place where the absence of a casino seems unimportant. You lie abed reading Creevy, or Boswell, then meet "Eddie" Tatham and partake of oyster "elevenses" washed down with a little of what you fancy. And it does you good.

\* \* \*

The air of the Welsh Marches, or the Scottish Border, also does you good, provided your bets pay the fare and your host ties pheasants to the luggage when you depart primed with Chepstow chatter or Kelso cackle, as the case may be. The former meeting had ideal weather, sunshine on the turning leaves and a breeze from the hills. In a competition for the prettiest course Chepstow would have many voters. Its secretary, Major A. W. Wingate, wore his grey bowler, and a further summery note was provided by Jack Lysaght and Godfrey Winn, hatless week-enders at Longleat. Desmond Lysaght escorted decorative Mrs. Kenric Mardon, whose tweeds were Invernessian in thickness and violent of design. Elizabeth Baker and Cynthia Humphreys were other decorations, and Joyce Kingscote of Kingscote did Beaufortshire credit. Mrs. Robert Berkeley brought her Cairn, "Smiles," on a yellow lead. Her husband is heir-presumptive to one of the oldest peerages—the Earldom of Berkeley—and her brother is Lord Dormer, holder of an ancient barony. Rarely seen in London, she is a young woman of considerable charm. An original Chepstow regular is Mrs. Edmund Bevan, who went on to Newmarket with her husband. Like all Nortons, she never says the conventional thing, nor can you forecast which unconventional thing she will say next—a most refreshing person with a most unusual library at Hilston Park, her husband's place near Monmouth. Their guests included Rosario Scrope, of Danby, to whom I should like to give a pedometer for Christmas. It would measure how many miles a popular racing regular walks in a week, Epsom being above the average. An unpopular racing regular would not do for the experiment, as he or she merely stands and stares at the



MARRYING TO-DAY, OCT. 20

The Marquis de Casa Maury and Mrs. Dudley Ward photographed at the famous Curzon Cinema, creation of the Marquis, when the new Guitry film, *The Pearls of the Crown*, had its gala première. Mrs. Dudley Ward, mother of Mrs. "Bob" Laycock and Penelope Dudley Ward (now playing in *French Without Tears* in New York), is the eldest daughter of the late Colonel Charles Birkin. The Marquis de Casa Maury, who has been contributing to London's super screen entertainment since 1934, served with our Air Force in the Great War



Bertram Park

THE HON. VALERIE MANSFIELD

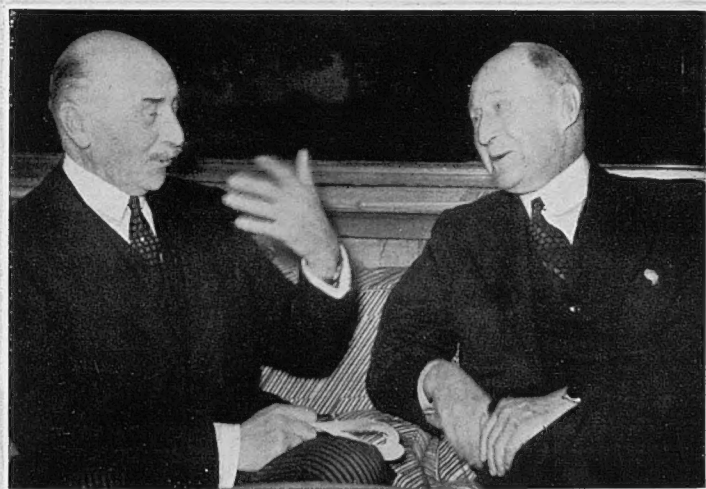
number board, listening for tips with both ears back, between bouts of buttonholing. Mrs. Bevan's toque, sewn with sequins, was the chatter of Chepstow, also her remark that if she had a good afternoon she would turn her black coat inside out, its inside being tartan. It did not prove a good afternoon as Lady Evelyn Beauchamp's absolute certainty, "Miraculous," could only dead-head with Mrs. Jones' "Faststep." Lord Glanely, in excellent humour, his pince-nez at half-mast, Major Charles Vaughan, of Courtfield, the young Uvedale Corbetts, of Stableford, Glamorgan cricketer J. C. Clay and his wife, Lady (John) Grey and sister in opposing versions of the balloon berêt, and Miss Jane Clayton attended.

\* \* \*

At Kelso there was polite applause for Lord Haddington's winner. His black-eyed wife wore her teddy-bear coat and an unobtrusive plum-coloured hat, clothes being simple at this smartest of Scottish meetings—"seething with dukes," said our correspondent, but at the end of six minutes she could only name the

Duke of Roxburghe, who is called "Bobo" by a great many people he does not know, so I conclude the others were bogus or, as often occurs in Scotland, claimants to dormant honours. But the Hopes are vice-regal, if not ducal, and there were two of them, also Lady Mary Egerton with sister, Lady Susan Askew, the beauty of that bunch, and crowds of K.O.S.B.s surrounded by girls. "Ken" Scott, apple-cheeked younger edition of the Master of Gray, was talking to Margaret Mackenzie, of Dolphinton, who wore her Lincoln green; Francis Johnstone, another K.O.S.B.; Ursula Watson "frae" the capital; Diana Elliott; David McConnell with sister Anne; Rona Stewart-Clark and Bethia Watherston,

(Continued overleaf)

THE EARL OF ATHLONE AND GENERAL L. C. DUNSTERVILLE  
(THE ORIGINAL "STALKY")

At the Savoy for last week's Kipling Memorial Fund Luncheon. The Earl of Athlone is President of this Fund, and Colonel Fitzgerald, Irish Guards, has presented to him the last two copies of a special 100-copy edition of "The Irish Guards," autographed by the late Rudyard Kipling. One copy will be kept in this country, and it is hoped the other will go to America for the benefit of the Memorial Fund, which now exceeds £33,000



And the World said—*continued*

who was a Jardine, were youngsters sampling the Anthony Marshalls' hospitality, or commenting on the lack of falls. The Marshalls' tent is ever a cheerful centre. Their Anne married amateur rider Peter Bell on the 14th. Whether racing will ever be so exciting again now that the rails have been moved farther out by the golf course, almost into the hut on the green, is doubtful. But golfers may get more excitement.

Excitement in London seems divided into serious twitter—the Far Gone East, Roosevelt's speech, which means still greater friendship with America, also Italy's determination to make the Mediterranean *mare nostrum*—and foolish twitter including impending cases best written off as *omne nefandum*. Some Americans are still with us. Mr. Kingsley Macomber seen going round and round the Berkeley swing door; Mr. Stanley Mortimer, who has brought an F.O. hat, and Miss Kay Austin, a clever *protégée* of Betty Lawson-Johnston. She is marrying an Englishman. To see the most-photo-

graphed faces under the most fashionable chimney-pots, lunch at Claridge's is indicated. Madame Paul Dubonnet and husband have the table inside the door, and Mrs. Julie Thompson sits opposite—just like old times. The finest silver foxes drape Miss Ella Atherton, who was with the Maharaja of Rajpipla, but Lady Carlow has the most enviable cape, worked diagonally. The Ladies Dorothea Head and Lettice Cotterell look nice. Lady (Stephenson) Kent looks forward to winter, but then she has a villa at Monte Carlo. Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, belted with Austrian hearts, looks forward to skiing and Mrs. Hartman to hunting. Her millionaire husband is Joint-Master of the Southdown. Meanwhile, she is working much harder than a beaver for the *Prisoner of Zenda* film *première* on November 2, in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign, etc. Like Mrs. Leslie Gamage, Mrs. Hartman does without the aid of a paid organiser, and, like her, she sticks to one great cause and makes working for it her hobby—three wise rules for the would-be well-doer. At lunch she distributed tracts about the cause and the Colman-Carroll picture to Lady Lyons, Mrs. Sidney Van den Bergh and Lady Poulett, who said she is going to Paris and, later, California. Her son and daughter were among those who bid Mrs. Ormonde Lawson-Johnston *au revoir*. "Can I do anything for you in New York?" asked this busy little hostess, and, before getting answers, added, "I know what you're going to say—give my love to Maury Paul and bring me some American stockings." Quite right. More Claridge faces belonged to New Yorker Judy (Smith) Carmichael, Colonel Charles Gerard, the Gerard Leighs with daughter, Mrs. Henry Garnett, whose turban combined three tints which are being "plugged"—plum, purple and red; more Ritz faces to Lord Portal and the Kelletts, while sitting on a refectory table at the I.S.C. was Lady Georgiana Hay; Miss Delia Crossley, to many minds

the most attractive of Sir Kenneth's trio, at a desk; Gypsy Lawrence, handsomest of the bachelor girls, not excepting Miss Monica Sheriffe, of the ideal ankles, in an armchair. Miss Sheriffe was at "Ally Pally," that 'orrible course where the 'ateful horses run in swing time. But celebrities still pay to get in. I saw Lord Ilchester speaking to Sir Ian Malcolm; Sir Humphrey de Trafford, steward, speaking to Sir Melvill Ward, who wore his Goodwood pass; Captain "Jock" Campbell, who tipped the unexpected Cup winner; the Ralph Raphaels; Mrs. O'Neill with Donald Cameron, yr., of Lochiel, one of the few Highlanders with a real love for racing; and that typical south of England beauty, Lady Worthington-Evans, radiant after taking "Jock's" advice.

Ganging north again, the Musical Festival was top topic at York races. The Princess Royal, who had a house party for both events, followed the score with music. Captain Jack Feilden brought his bride, the former Mrs. Peter Quennell, who has a novel coming out; Diana Bethell brought her blue suede bonnet tied under the chin. She has several Kate Greenaway confections. Seen—the Normanbys, the Tetleys, Margaret Lane-Fox, Sir Richard Sykes, of course, the Charles

Woods, whose baby was christened Caroline Victoria, after Mrs. Wood's mother, the late Lady Victoria Bullock; Peter Wood, who celebrated his twenty-first birthday at Garrowby this month; Lady Cayley, Miss Audrey Gillespie, Lady Fitzwilliam and daughter-in-law; Lady Feversham, wearing her rust outfit which has a matching high hat; Lord Grimthorpe, Mrs. Robert Taylor (nothing to do with the film idol); Mrs. Hugh Stobart, the Harbord sisters from Wetherby and the Dundas girls; Lady Jean, also in rust, a shade which comes in every autumn and goes out



AT THE "BLONDIE WHITE" FIRST NIGHT

Some of the large audience which went to the Globe to be thrilled by that novel murder play by Bernard Merivale and Jeffrey Dale. Left to right across the picture are Lady Mary Paget (her sister, Lady Caroline, had a part in the play), the Hon. Anthony Herbert, one of Lord Pembroke's sons, the Marchioness of Anglesey, the mother of Lady Caroline and Lady Mary Paget, the Hon. David Herbert, another of Lord Pembroke's sons, and the Duchess of Rutland

every spring like the fire. "Fire!" screamed Mrs. Chambers, of Hatfield, at Ludlow races when flames leaped up between the boards of the stand from a carelessly cast stub. Bucket drill followed. Lady Dumfries, who went on to Floors for Kelso and bridge, wore aquamarine clips in a becoming striped cap. Her "Humble Pie" won. Women owners were lucky. Mrs. Cohen and daughter won three races between them and Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper's victory with "Manon" raised a cheer. I saw Sir Robert and Lady Green-Price; that good sportsman, Roger Plowden of Plowden, head of one of the oldest Catholic families; Honor Meyrick, whose father is Secretary of Wetherby, and Mrs. "Hennie" Williams, of Parcian, who stayed with her uncle, Major Hugh Peel, of Brynypys.

The annual charity ball at Gleneagles Hotel was the last outing for doublets before the moth ball season. Mrs. Stirling, of Keir, who gets it up, had a huge party, including two sons, two daughters and two eligibles—the Master of Elphinstone, in the best-hung kilt, and Mr. Crichton Stuart, of Falkland Palace. Lord Younger of Leckie, in a tail coat, partnered his younger girl, Anne. Lady Muir of Blair Drummond's party had a diplomatic flavour, of course—Sir Miles Lampson, his *petite* wife, and Mrs. McGrigor.



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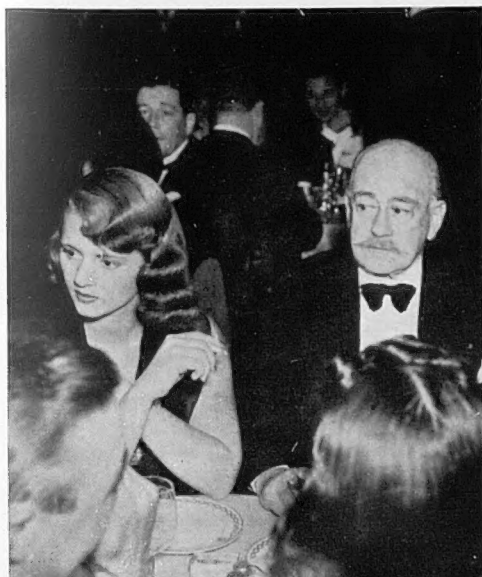
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AND MR. FRANCIS WARREN PERSHING



MRS. ADELAIDE MOFFAT BROOKS  
AND MR. JULES BACHE

A gallery collected at various spots in which New York's smart world is to be found, and a comprehensive lot of pictures at that, from Pat Roark, polo specialist, over as usual for the Meadowbrook Open Championship, to Mr. Jules Bache, the famous art collector, who has presented his entire collection to the City of New York, a magnificent gift. Incidentally, he is the father of Mrs. Gilbert Miller, wife of the great pillar of stageland. Miss Richards, who is seen in another picture with her fiancé, Mr. Francis Pershing, son of the famous General, is a niece of Mrs. Gilbert Miller. The attractive young Tikka Rani of Kapurthala is making an extended visit to New York, and her supper companion at El Morocco is one of that city's leading citizens. The Princess "Ketto" Mikeladze is a beautiful member of New York's Russian colony, and with her and Mr. Russel Edson is the far-famed beauty specialist, Miss Elizabeth Arden. Miss Gloria Baker, seen in another snapshot, is a half-sister of Messrs. George and Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt; and as to the highlights of the film world in this page, Mary Brian and Randolph Scott are as busy as ever, and Ina Claire, famous on both stage and screen, is going into the play *Dorchester Towers* on Broadway this winter



FILM CELEBS.: MISS MARY BRIAN  
AND MR. RANDOLPH SCOTT



# THE CINEMA

## A Lovely Film Book

By JAMES AGATE

**M**ESSRS. BATSFORD, the publishers, ought to be bankrupt, and I will tell the reader why. Every publisher will tell you that he publishes rubbish, and vast quantities of rubbish, because if he didn't he would go bankrupt. Money, they will tell you, is made solely out of rubbish, and it is the enormous sales of rubbish which permit them to publish good books. Now, Messrs. Batsford apparently publish only good books. *Ergo*, as Shakespeare used to say. But Messrs. Batsford are not bankrupt, have not been, and are not going to be. Yet, as I have said, all their books are good books, and how it is done remains a mystery. Here, for example, is *Movies for the Millions*, by Mr. Gilbert Seldes, which is one of the best books on the cinema ever written. The author has some staggering things to say, with some of which I agree and with some of which I don't. Mr. Seldes begins by saying: "We do not know why we go to the movies." I do not think this is true. This seems to me to be like saying: "We do not know why we go to the pub. at the corner." I know very well why I go to the pub. at the corner. It is not because I want a drink, because I can get that at home. I go superficially because of the brilliant lighting and the sense of companionship, but actually because I am bored by sitting at home. People go to the movies because they want to go somewhere, because it is cheap and comfortable and companionable and dark. Most of them have not the vaguest notion what the picture is about or who is in it. They go to find escape. The plumber who all day has been mending the bathroom taps in some luxurious flat goes to see as much as decency permits of the glamorous creatures who play about in that kind of bath. The wretched modiste who has been on her feet all day attending the sour behests of plutocratic beldames likes to see a Janet Gaynor rise from the status of sempstress to queening it at Hollywood. Yes, all cinema-goers are escapologists, and the screen can have no better apology.

Mr. Seldes will not accept this. He says: "We do not go to the movies for *any* of the reasons which the producers of the movies consider fundamental. We do not go primarily for the stories the pictures tell; we do not go to see the great stars which publicity has imposed upon the pictures; we do not go for the lavish clothes in which the stars are dressed; we do not go because the stars, male and female, have sex appeal."

I do not agree. On the other hand, I am in 100 per cent. agreement with Mr. Seldes when he says: "No attempt was ever made before the movies began to please young and old, men and women, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, well-bred and vulgar, urban and provincial, cleric and peasant, by the same means. Everything that is strong and everything that is weak in the moving pictures must have its source in this same attempt at being universal—its wealth in money, its poverty in taste, its splendid achievements, and its disastrous failures." But I shall not quote at very great length, for this is a book which I should like readers of THE TATLER to peruse for themselves.

One of the things which make the book remarkable is the admirable series of photographs. These once more convince me that D. W. Griffith remains the greatest maker of pictures the world has ever seen or is ever likely to see. If anybody were to ask me for my list of the three best pictures I should say *The Birth of a Nation*, *Intolerance*, and *Way Down East*, and the rest nowhere. There is a very amusing picture of Theda Bara as Salome. Mr. Seldes reminds us that the real name of the first of the screen vamps was Theodosia Goodman, and that Theda Bara is a mere anagram for "Arab Death." Then there is a lovely series of photographs of Charlie Chaplin, one of which, taken with Jackie Coogan in *The Kid*, I shall cut out of this book and frame. The other evening I was the host at a small party of very young very-intellectuals. In my capacity as host I listened courteously



ANNE SHIRLEY : THE DAUGHTER  
IN "STELLA DALLAS"

After finishing an important rôle in *Too Many Wives* for her "home" studio, R.K.O., Anne Shirley was lent to Samuel Goldwyn for the part of the daughter in *Stella Dallas*, in which she is held to give one of the best performances of her career

to an argument about æsthetics, started when somebody complained about Handel's music that it was passionless. I was told that Pope had no wit, that Molière was unreadable, that the comedies of Shakespeare were unseeable, and that the music of Chopin was like the stuff they played on cinema pianos before the days of sound-recording. I listened to all this and kept my temper until somebody used the phrase: "Chaplin was always a dud!" At that I broke up the party, dismissed my guests, and remained for the rest of the evening in the state of mind which made Dr. Johnson say: "Madam, you talk like an idiot!" For after Chaplin the films seem to me to grow dim. Who else when eating the sole of his boot would take out a nail as one removing a bone from a fish?

I except Emil Jannings from the foregoing, but I understand that the view held by the very young very-intellectuals is that Jannings was never a great film-actor, and that this title must be reserved for W. C. Fields, whose Micawber I shall continue to regard as one of the worst impersonations I have ever seen, though a credible piece of buffoonery unconnected with Dickens. But I began with Mr. Seldes, and I shall end with him:—

Why one player is a vegetarian and another will never marry, what every one of them thinks of every problem ever presented to the human mind, how reading Plato makes it possible for an actress, who obviously has not a grain of intelligence in her head, to support the creative arduous of her career, the reason why nineteen separate Hollywood couples adopt foundlings and what Shirley Temple expects to do with her fortune—these things and millions of words in fan-magazines about dress and cosmetics, and what makes Dietrich glamorous and how Gary Cooper is irresistible to women, are an actual factor in the making of a moving picture.

This is a fine bit of contempt, and the book appropriately ends with the most idiotic shot in the whole history of the business, that of the final episode in *Morocco* with Dietrich pounding across the desert in pursuit of a couple of camels.

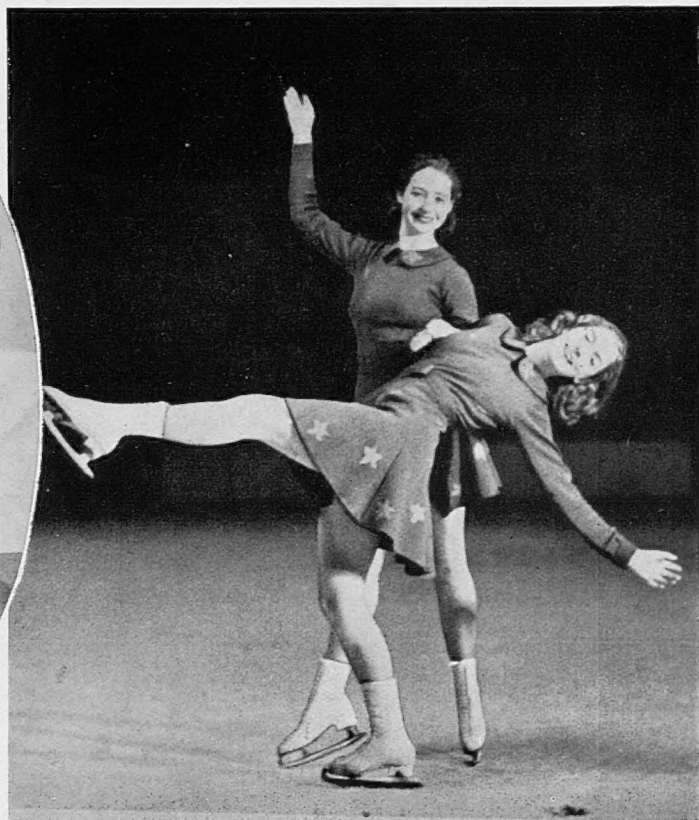
J. A.



# "RHAPSODY ON ICE": BALLET ON SKATES AT COVENT GARDEN



IN "RHAPSODY ON ICE": ELSIE AND RHONA

THE LEADING LADY:  
MARIA BELITA

A CANADIAN PAIR: LOVETT AND JOY MACKINNON



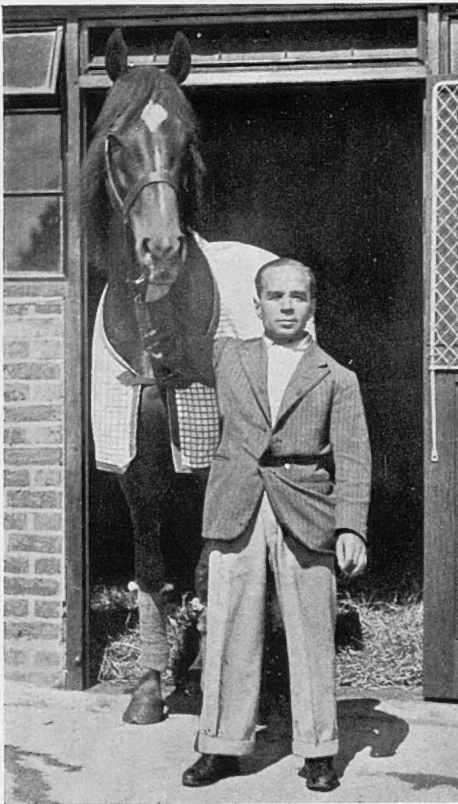
MARIA BELITA REHEARSES

AN INTERNATIONAL CHAMPION  
PHIL TAYLOR

SPINNING: RITA BRAMLEY

The smooth swiftness of skates gives a grace of movement hard to equal, and this will be seen to advantage in *Rhapsody on Ice*, the skating ballet which is to open at Covent Garden on October 26. The lead is to be taken by "Maria Belita," who is more widely known, as yet, as Belita Jepson-Turner, the British fourteen-year-old Olympic skater, who is also a star dancing pupil of Anton Dolin. There is a very strong cast of magnificent performers on skates, including Phil Taylor, who is an international figure-skating champion and a champion speed-skater as well. Elsie and Rhona come from Manchester, where they have been giving exhibitions and teaching. Rita Bramley has been instructing at Earl's Court. The Mackinnon sisters have recently concluded a tour of England and the Continent. Two ballets will be given, one of which is in the manner of *Scheherazade* and the other has something of the style of *The Enchanted Wood*. Two performances nightly are to be given during the season of this novel entertainment





*Rough*  
THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE WINNER, "ARTIST'S PRINCE," AND JOHNNY DINES, HIS TRAINER

It was a proud moment for Johnny Dines when "Artist's Prince" put him right in the centre of the map as a big race trainer. When he used to ride them, and before he had that bad smash in the Lincoln last year, he was called "the big race jockey." Mrs. Dines is part-owner of "Artist's Prince" with Major R. B. Glover, who is said to have had a very nice race

round among a small crowd of gentlemen whom for the most part one doesn't notice at earlier sales. Wearers of diminutive bowler hats and faces like Stone Age hatchets, they are there to pick up something very inexpensive to let out for horse-hiking or watering-place fox-hunting. The auctioneer has to work like a black to elicit a bid, and it was almost embarrassing to watch him put in an animal at 800 guineas and run it to 1,800 guineas unsold against a reporter, the man who guards the door of the ring and two apathetic people who had come in out of the cold.

While the weather has been raw, there has been no rain to speak of and the Limekilns are again the only place where horses can be worked, a most unusual thing at this time of year, when they have usually been hand-combed for dandruff, dressed with honey and flowers and left till the first spring meeting.

Meanwhile, every available corner is occupied by yearlings being whirled round on the end of a string by men who unaccountably shout "Cope" at the top of their voices without ceasing. This is preparatory to putting a saddle on them half-way up their necks, which is the only place where a saddle will sit, and, a light lad of no consequence being gingerly knee'd into the stool, the animal is led at a trot, both leader and luggage shouting "Cope" until the latter is fired on to his head. These are the elementary lessons for a yearling, and having once mastered them it is astonishing how quickly they become like real race horses and learn to cough and go lame. Yearlings vary enormously within the studs from which they come. Some, one knows, will be as kind and quiet as (some) Christians, while those from another stud won't let you touch their legs, and, on the door of the box being opened, make a determined effort to get out through the ventilator. I'm rather sorry for

## Racing Ragout By "GUARDRAIL"

**R**ACING at the back end hardly comes under the heading of pleasure when once the weather has broken. The sales are a dreary proceeding with a selection of moderate broken-coated horses of all sorts being led

the best lad who has to do the wildest yearling each year.

A correspondent writes: "The other day I attended a concert of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, where on the programme under the heading 'Flutes' appeared Whitaker Percy and under 'Piccolos' Middleton S. I feel that this cannot be mere coincidence and would like to know if these two seek relaxation from racing in music, or vice versa." On enquiry I found my correspondent was very wide of the mark. The Captain admitted having, as a boy, learnt one very good tune on an old fiddle of his father's, but denied all flute playing, while Middleton thought a piccolo was either an Italian sweetmeat or a saturnine-looking gentleman with slant eyes and black linoleum hair.

To revert to racing, the performance of Haulfryn in the Jockey Club Cup can only be explained by sickness. I have not yet heard if a veterinary examination disclosed anything,

but no fit horse could run such a race and finish in such a state of collapse. Whether he will be right again by the Cesarewitch I do not know, but I feel that any sort of exertion in the state he was in must have left its mark on him. If we put him out of the race I am rather at a loss for a selection to take his place and rather diffidently suggest Buckleigh. The Cambridgeshire was won by a very well-backed horse which I must admit I had never considered. The form with Red Squaw worked out to a pound. From the stands it looked as though Daytona had won, or been beaten by the narrowest margin, but, oddly enough, he wasn't placed in the first four. I do not see how the judge can do his job



MR. MARTIN HARTIGAN AND THE HON. GERALD AND MRS. WELLESLEY AT THE NEWMARKET SALES

Celebrities from both sides of St. George's Channel, and talking to Martin Hartigan, who now trains over here, is someone who was a pupil of the Whatcombe Wizard, R. C. Dawson. The Hon. Gerald Wellesley, Lord Cowley's half-brother, trains at The Curragh, and, as a side issue, it can be said is first class to hounds

properly on such a broad course from the position in which his box is placed. He cannot see the horse under his nose and one thirty yards away at the same time. While not cavilling at his decision, his task is made as difficult as it can be and would be simplified were his box put twenty yards back and ten feet or so higher. Dan Bulger looked as well as anything in the race, but didn't run up to expectations.



ALSO AT THE SALES

Mr. Victor Gilpin and the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton, wife of the famous trainer. An interesting feature of the day was the purchase of H.M. the King's "Marconi" by Major F. W. Barrett, who trains him. Let us hope that "Rattle" will get up and ride him himself





MISS SUSAN BLIGH AND ANTHONY VICKERS

## A SEND-OFF FOR OUR "INDIAN" XI



ANNA ZINKEISEN, THE ARTIST, AND TOMMY ROSE, THE FLIER



LORD BRABOURNE AND LORD TENNYSON, SKIPPER OF OUR "INDIA" TEAM



SIR "PLUM" WARNER AND MR. IAN PEEBLES, THE HOST

(ON RIGHT, BELOW) MRS. EDRICH, PETER SMITH (ESSEX),  
MRS. GOVER, GOVER (SURREY), AND EDRICH (MIDDLESEX)

It was Mr. Ian Peebles' happy and hospitable idea to give this send-off cocktail-party at the Hungaria Restaurant to our Indian Expeditionary cricket force and its ever-smiling skipper, Lord Tennyson, who is seen talking to Lord Brabourne, who has just come home from India, where he was Governor of Bombay—India's cricket capital. Lord Brabourne goes out to be Governor of Bengal very shortly. The team can be certain of one thing, if of nothing else—first-class cricket weather, very different to the depressing stuff our friends from India encountered when they visited us last year. As will be observed, some others besides cricket Paladins like Sir "Plum" Warner were at this party, both Art and Sky-scraping being very well represented





# WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

## The Mystery of Louis-Charles.

**S**TORIES of the French Revolution will, I suppose, be told and re-told so long as tales of historical romance and tragedy are recounted. Mr. J. B. Morton, who gave us one of the best accounts of that dramatic period in recent years in his book, "The Bastille Falls," has followed it up now with an equally picturesque and interesting one devoted to the mystery of Louis-Charles, "The Dauphin" (Longmans; 12s. 6d.). For "mystery" it has always been, and I expect, will always remain—since the world loves a mystery which is also dramatic as well as mysterious. Mr. Morton, however, has sought to solve that mystery by stating in his new book a most convincing case against the theory that the little son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette was smuggled to safety out of the Temple "prison." He seeks to prove that the boy died of consumption, as his elder brother had died, brought about by the ruthless and inhuman treatment which he had to endure at the hands of his captors. The arguments are clearly stated, and his final verdict that the Dauphin never left the Temple alive is supported by all the evidence available, plus the conclusions of common sense which help to bolster up the known facts. Yet, I suppose, the problem of the boy's ultimate fate will always be questioned. But apart altogether from the problem of this unhappy boy, the story which surrounds his life and death never ceases to lose its interest, nor to haunt the imagination with its tragedy and drama.

Mr. Morton has told this story as well as it has ever been told—so far as I am concerned. It begins amid the splendour of Versailles, it ends in utter degradation, filth, starvation and death. The splendour does not last long. Before the child is six years of age the clouds of revolution are gathering to destroy his world. When eventually he is made prisoner with his parents and his sister, he is too young to realise the dreadful fate with which all are threatened. Gradually, however, it is brought home to him. The plot to escape which never succeeded, the separation of his father from the rest of the family, his execution and the misery of his mother as she sat, waiting in dread to hear the fatal sound of firing which told the world of the King's death—all culminated in a state of childish terror. Then his own forced parting from his mother, and the long months in which he lived alone, except for warders and so-called guardians, in darkness and filth and moral degradation. And at last his own death, and his secret burial. A burial which adds yet another mystery to the tragedy of the boy's short life. For the real identity of the bones, which years later were discovered, have never been finally established, although Mr. Morton leans heavily towards the theory that those discovered in a leaden coffin by the Curé of Sainte-Marguerite were parts of the skeleton of the young Dauphin.

He writes: "I am convinced that the skeleton found in 1846 was that of Louis-Charles, and I think that the exhumation of 1894 was unnecessary. . . . None of the doctors finally expressed the opinion that the coffin contained parts of two different skeletons. What they said was that the disproportion between the limbs and the body and head was abnormal enough to be startling—a discovery which Harmand had made in the Temple. But the historians who hold that Louis-Charles escaped, in claiming that it is absurd to believe that a child of ten could have the limbs of a child of fifteen, forget that the argument cuts both ways. It is equally absurd to believe that a child of fifteen would

have the head and body of a child of ten." At the end of this most interesting and—if you will—provocative story of the life and death of Louis XVI's hapless heir, there is an account of the four Impostors who severally laid claims to being the Dauphin, and at least two of them with such success that the French Government became nervous with apprehension. But on every step of the way through life of the unfortunate Louis-Charles there is tragedy and drama and mystery. The whole sad history is told by Mr. Morton in a manner which makes it absorbing to a degree. It is a story which never loses interest, and the mystery which surrounds so much of it will surely keep it alive so long as people are interested in history and love historical problems. Here is a brave effort to solve one of the greatest of these problems for all time.

## Things I Can Sell.

**F**OR me, the most memorable passages in Jim Mollison's autobiography, "Playboy of the Air" (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), are those in which he describes his feelings when actually he is about to make, or is making, one of his record-breaking flights. There is no pretence at fine writing; no desire to create the "heroic" attitude (rather the contrary), but, curiously enough, they do give an extraordinarily vivid picture of what it must really feel like as one flies off into the darkness and the unknown with Death as, so to speak, your fellow-pilot. "You can imagine the sensations for yourself. The picture is of a man sitting in one position

## THE LATE FERNANDO AUTORI

The death of the famous grand opera singer and caricaturist of outstanding talent is a personal bereavement to this paper, which was so often enriched by specimens of his genius. Autori died in Firenze on October 3 and is a loss not only to his own great country but to ours also, for he was quite as famous at Covent Garden as he was at the Scala Opera House in Milan



Sasha



HELEN HAMILTON GIBBS' COTTAGE AT BRAMLEY, HANTS.

This attractive Henry VIIIth cottage is where lives Helen Hamilton Gibbs, the authoress of "The Little Rift," the admirable book recently published by John Long, Ltd. Helen Hamilton Gibbs is a sister of Sir Philip Gibbs and Cosmo Hamilton

a small chair for more than a day and a half. During that time he cannot sleep or rest for a moment. He is sitting in a space a little wider than the spread of his shoulders. Six feet in front of him is an engine that growls and roars every hour and every minute of the day and a half, making his eardrums a numb, singing roar. Nothing to look at for twenty hours of the trip, but featureless faces of instrument gauges on the panel. Nobody to talk to, nothing to do but sit there and keep your eyes open, and hope and try not to get too scared. That's flying the Atlantic by yourself." In fact, all the way through the book there is a deliberate de-bunking of the heroic attitude towards record-breaking flights. He owns that his own courage had to be kept up by brandy. He owns

(Continued on page 108)



*Bassano, Dover Street*

**MRS. ARCHIBALD COURAGE "AT HOME"  
AND (RIGHT) HER DAUGHTER**

Mrs. Archibald Courage is the wife of Lieut.-Comdr. Archibald Courage, R.N. (ret.). She is the youngest daughter of Lieut.-Col. Charles and Lady Victoria Villiers; her mother is an aunt of the Duke of Roxburghe, and her father, who was formerly in the Blues, is a member of his Majesty's Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. Lieut.-Comdr. Courage is a son of Commander "Archie" Courage, the breeder, owner, and trainer of "Blue Peter" and other successful steeplechasers, and brother of Mr. R. H. Courage, a "two-ringer," R.N., who rides those 'chasers so well. The little daughter's name is Susan





## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

that the flights themselves were undertaken more from the point of view of a "paying" business than any desire to write "aerial" history. Which, at least, is honest, and in this age of "publicity"—at-all-costs, very refreshing. Honest again is he in regard to his own private life. He tells us of the various ladies, dusky and otherwise, whom he has loved. He owns that "Life begins for me when the daylight fades and the bright lights glitter." In fact, almost his entire leisure seems, according to this account, to be spent in night haunts among the "girls." So to speak, he gets out of the cockpit only to enter the nearest bar. Which is not exactly thrilling to read about, but is a welcome change from the professional "hero" who weaves a "halo" around his or her natural courage. It is when other people enter his narrative—his former wife, Amy Johnson; the young girl to whom he was once engaged, and the reasons why the marriage never took place—that this outspokenness is not nearly so admirable. It is all a question of taste, I suppose; but for me the most remarkable fact in this instance is the lack of it. It mars what would otherwise have been a rather wickedly entertaining book of a life which, as he writes, is "great, but maybe you don't know the whole of the picture." We didn't—though we had our suspicions!

## A First-Rate "Thriller."

Mr. Gardner Low's "Invitation to Kill" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.) is one of those rare books—a "thriller" which is as unusual in treatment as it is exciting in an imaginative way. It can be read once with interest; it can be read twice with additional enjoyment. The technique is original as well as being most effective. The story is presented as a novel which the author reads to his friend—both men having been implicated in the real mystery on which the story is based. Each interrupts the narrative here and there, but this, instead of holding up the interest, helps to intensify it, because it is as if two plots were running parallel to each other—belonging, mingling, yet confusing by fresh problems and new mysteries the apparently straightforward plot of the main theme. It makes it twice as exciting, and many times more difficult to detect the real solution before it is finally revealed. Though, if you are clever enough, it has really been there almost from the start. But few will be clever enough, I'm sure. Which will make a second reading as interesting as the first one was—though in another way.

## Full Tragedy in Brief.

After wading through too many 700-page novels, to say nothing of "tri-ologies" which told at disproportionate length a life-story often of no universal human interest, it was a joy—honestly, a relief!—to read Mr. Wallace Stegner's story, "Remembering Laughter" (Heinemann). It was awarded, out of 1340 MSS., the prize offered by a well-known American publishing firm for the best short novel. And yet, brief though it be, it tells fully the tragedy of three closely-connected lives. It is a story of the "eternal triangle," with

the wife's sister as one of the points of this always tragic problem. Usually only one of the three persons involved suffers a life-long "hurt," but in this case all of them—Margaret, the wife; Elspeth, her sister, and Alec, Margaret's husband—ruined their lives over an incident which perhaps was inevitable. Each of them had a loyalty which was unable to live down a brief moment of treachery. Margaret and Elspeth were devoted to each other; Margaret and Alec were happy and contented in their marriage. The tragedy was caused by temperament. Margaret was one of those women who spend their lives forestalling any moment of human weakness in the man they love. She was loyal, she was true, she was dutiful—but she was a puritan. Alec was gay, laughter-loving, with no real vices but an inclination for company and merriment and the "occasional glass" which goes so pleasantly with such human outbursts. Elspeth shared in his love of fun

and laughter. It was inevitable, therefore, in the face of Margaret's disapproval, that they should come together in secret, yet innocent, understanding. Yet, inevitably, it led to mutual physical attraction and to temptation. And from temptation to disloyalty to Margaret. They became lovers—unhappy, conscience-stricken lovers, unable, nevertheless, to escape their mutual desire. One day Margaret discovers Elspeth in Alec's arms. Tragedy for all three of them begins. With not a word spoken, without a "scene," without recrimination, everyday life continued as usual on the surface. But underneath there is shame and sorrow and bitterness, and on Margaret's side an implacable resolve never, on moral and religious principles, to forgive. So the two women grow prematurely old and silent, and the husband more and more an outcast in what had once been a happy home. All laughter dies. They are three grim beings ever-conscious of what, once done, can never be undone. Only the death of one of them can ease the situation. But death does not come—not yet. In the meanwhile, Elspeth's child grows up. Margaret, by a clever scheme, has prevented the world from knowing who



Bassano

## AUTHOR OF A NEW BOOK: MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY

Mr. Aldous Huxley is one of our most brilliant and, at times, provocative writers. His latest book, "Ends and Means," is a philosophic study on the theme that no single thing can, in itself, secure the happiness of human beings

the boy's father really is. Nevertheless, boy and man unite in a secret bond of friendship—where laughter is remembered, where the fun of life is not ignored. Then Alec dies, and for the two elderly sisters the chasm which had laid between them for so many years is bridged, except for something they are both too weary to remember. The telling of the story begins and ends on the day of Alec's funeral. It has been beautifully told. The characters of Margaret, Alec and Elspeth—each so well-meaning, yet each so divided in outlook—are splendidly drawn. Granted the fact that Elspeth would continue to live with her sister and brother-in-law on their lonely American farm after her baby had been born, here is the story of a human tragedy which is both very moving as well as convincing. Brief though it is, you are likely to remember it long after many a much longer novel has become a "blur" in the memory.



# AT THE SUTHERLAND COUNTY BALL



WITH MISS GILMOUR: SIR  
IAN STEWART-RICHARDSON



THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY AND  
THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND



VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS  
TARBAT MEET THE CAMERA



MRS. MURRAY CAMERON AND  
FLT.-LT. F. J. S. BRAITHWAITE



MISS KITTY COMBE WITH  
COMDR. DOUGLAS LANG, R.N.



MISS NEALE AND MR. GRAESSER,  
WHO IS UP AT OXFORD



MRS. ROBIN GROSVENOR, THE HON. NIALL  
CHAPLIN AND MAJOR RUTHERFORD



LADY BETTY BUTLER AND BARONESS FRANZ,  
A CHARMING VISITOR FROM OVERSEAS

Arthur Owen

The Sutherland County Ball, where our camera got busy about these pictures, was a particularly good party. Held at Dornoch Hotel in aid of the Sutherland Nursing Association, it had that very charming and popular personality the Duchess of Sutherland as patron. There was a sizeable party at Dunrobin for the occasion, among guests being the Duchess's only sister, Lady Betty Butler. Mrs. Robin Grosvenor, whose husband is heir-presumptive to his cousin, the Duke of Westminster, is seen with Viscount Chaplin's younger son. Sir Ian Stewart-Richardson has been going the rounds of the Scottish balls and gatherings. Since this photograph of Lady Cromartie's son, Lord Tarbat, was taken, he had a collapse while out partridge-shooting near Strathpeffer, but soon recovered



## CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

Personally, I am of the opinion that most golf reporting would be improved by a description of the methods of play favoured by the players concerned. At least, I am ever conscious of my own failures in this respect. Thus, I should prefer to read of Mr. So-and-So that he "held his right hand under the shaft, and had the appearance of a man killing a snake," than that he "halved the first in four, but, losing the second and fourth, where he again took three putts, was two down at the turn."

Various influences, however, militate against this, though it is true to say that the *Daily Express*, for one, has given orders that further "instructive" matter shall appear in its golfing reports. Firstly, newspaper writers have become so familiar with the methods of Mr. So-and-So, whom they probably dislike anyway, that it no longer occurs to them to describe these methods for the benefit of other people. Secondly, the said writers, often being "journalists" as opposed to merely "player-writers" (like myself), might be unable to describe them if they tried. And thirdly, since Henry Cotton's exploits and the fabulous sums he is reputed to earn are rapidly causing golf to become "news," the spacious days are gone, and there is no longer room to write golf for golfing readers. It must appeal to every reader, must, in fact, *earn* every inch of the space it receives. Hence the "dramatic" element—"Wife faints as husband holes winning putt"; and "Smiling little, fair-haired, brown-skirted, freckled, twelve-year-old Miss Euthanasia Boggins amazed the vast crowd gathered at Stoke Poges to-day . . .", etc.

It was entertaining at this distance to read how Dale Bourn and Geoffrey Illingworth won the London Amateur Foursomes. Here, at least, was one reader who did not require a description of the play of either of them. Illingworth was king of the golfing castle when I first went to Cambridge, while Bourn is principal holer-of-vital-putts to our Old Carthusian team at Deal each year.

Illingworth is a strong and steady player, who will forgive my suggesting that his golf has much improved in the past eighteen months. At the end of his undergraduate days, he was once chosen to play for England, but later form seemed to indicate that he had received this honour for the first and last time, and he duly became president of the "Ex"-Club, membership of which is dependent upon being

(Continued on page xxii)



AT WORPLESDON: MR. A. P. F. CHAPMAN AND SIR JOHN AND LADY HEATHCOAT-AMORY

Lady Heathcoat-Amory is the former Miss Joyce Wethered, and though she and her husband beat Mrs. Stedall and Mr. G. L. Adams in the second round, the critics seemed to think that she was not quite her old formidable self. Sir John and Lady Heathcoat-Amory since this went through to the fourth round! Mr. A. P. F. Chapman is, of course, the renowned ex-captain of an All England XI.

THE only trouble with Killarney, whither I have crept back again on the pretence of further convalescence, is that golf and golfers, London, newspapers and the rest seem so indescribably remote that one almost forgets their existence. And when one remembers it, one is not prepared to admit that it matters one way or the other. What are the Worplesdon Foursomes to me, when, in October, I can spend the afternoon in the garden watching the Red Admirals sunning themselves in the herbaceous border? Yet golf is not wholly forgotten, for it is amusing to find myself in a new rôle. Having been the writer for eleven months in the year, I am now nothing more than the humble reader. For once, I was not there myself. I do not know if what my paper tells me is right or not.

Altogether, it is a salutary experience, for in criticising one's colleagues one automatically criticises oneself. How long, for instance, it took all of us golfing journalists to realise that, although we might ourselves be familiar with a course hole by hole, 95 per cent. of our readers were not: that it was no use our talking glibly of the seventh at Hoylake or the fourteenth at Sandwich, or what you will, since practically no one had the remotest idea of what we were talking about. How were they to know that the seventh at Hoylake was one of the most desperate short holes in the world? For all they knew, it might have been 500 yards long!

The naming of holes is a fine old tradition attaching to some of our more ancient links, but, were I sub-editing newspaper copy, I would have them out in a flash—*Times* or no *Times*. Who, in the name of goodness, when he picks up his morning newspaper, knows which hole at St. Andrews is the "Corner of the Dyke"—or how long it is—or whether Mr. Wethered's three there is a "birdie" or a "buzzard"? Space being ever limited, one cannot describe each course in detail, but most writers now begin by sending back the card of the course, which is reprinted with each day's description of the play. A good many of us will claim the distinction of having originated this eminently satisfactory idea, so I shall not stir up trouble by offering personal credit for it.



ON SENTRY-GO AT WORPLESDON

There were said to be almost as many dogs at Worplesdon as there were golfers, and above is a wire-haired terrier looking after master's and mistress's clubs

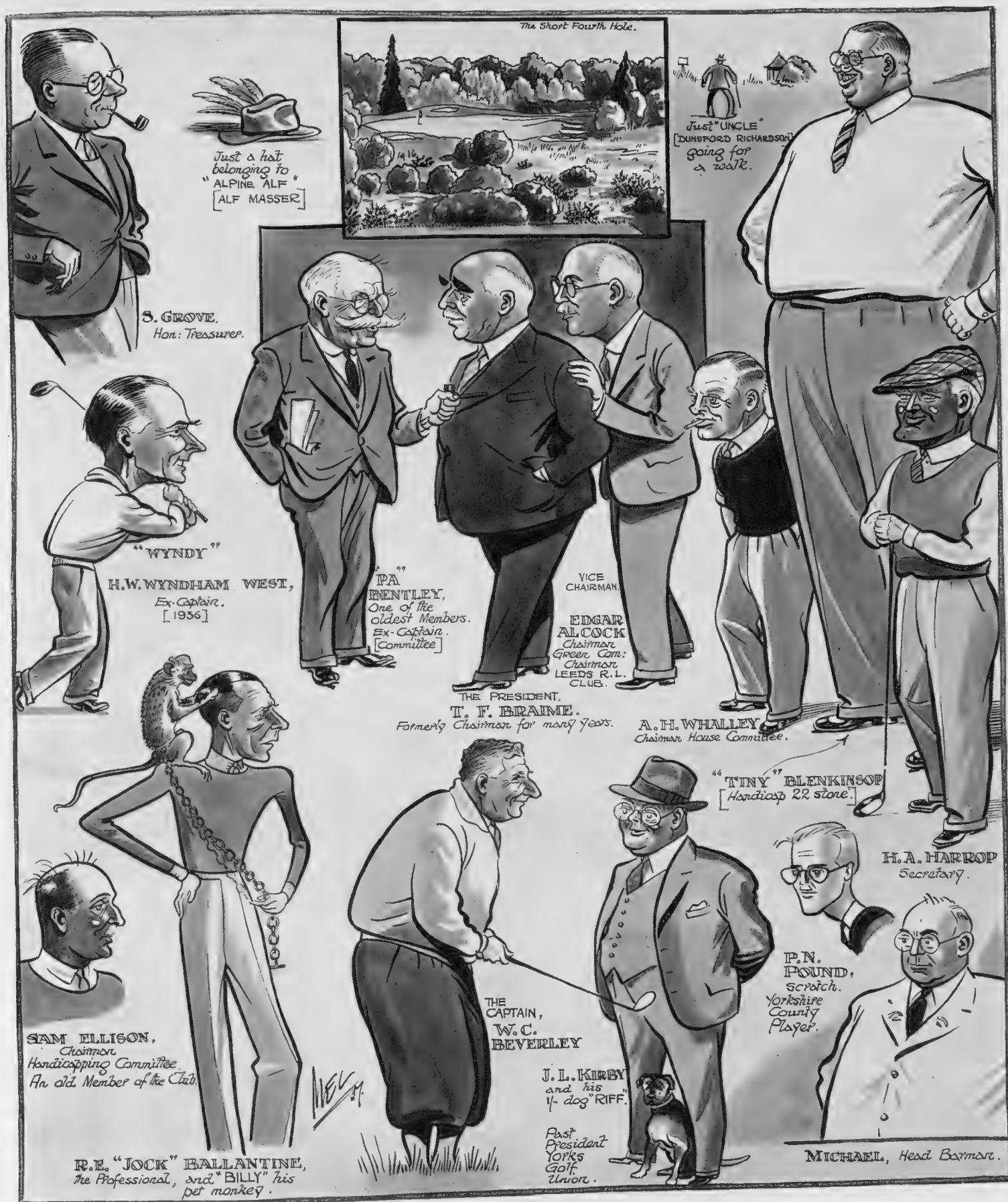


ANOTHER WORPLESDON SENTRY

The gentleman belongs to the Welch Regiment and is doing the same as his friend in the picture above. The wits assert that the Worplesdon dogs know almost more about the game of golf than their owners, and that what they don't know is not worth barking about



## GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



## MOORTOWN GOLF CLUB, LEEDS—BY "MEL"

Moortown is a name which is famous wherever golf is played, and this is so because it was the scene of the first Ryder Cup match played this side of the Atlantic. In 1929 British Professional Golf was at a rather low ebb, and therefore the victory of the home professionals over the American invaders constituted the beginning of a real revival. Moortown is also famous because it is a classic example of golf architecture, and American works on golf have even published photographs of some of its holes. As to "Mel's" interesting little gallery, H. A. Harrop, the Secretary, is the present Captain of the Association of Golf Club Secretaries; T. F. Braine, the President, has done fine work towards the improvement of the Club and the course, and as a final news item it is necessary to mention that the English Amateur Close Championship is being played over Moortown next year

## AS IT HAPPENED IN LONDON LAST WEEK



AT A FILM GALA COMMITTEE MEETING: SIR MICHAEL BRUCE AND MRS. OSCAR DEUTSCH



MME. DE MARGERIE AND THE MARQUISE DE CASTELLANE AT PRUNIER'S



ALSO IN COMMITTEE: MRS. GERALD GLOVER AND LADY (ANTHONY HOPE) HAWKINS

One of last week's London happenings was Mme. Prunier's *dégustation* party, which admirably followed a lecture on oysters. Mme. Roland de Margerie and the Marquise de Castellane, whose husbands are respectively First and Second Secretary at the French Embassy, attended it together. The other two snapshots above were taken at the committee meeting held in connection with the gala opening of the new Odeon Theatre in Leicester Square on November 2, when, for the benefit of the British Empire Cancer Campaign and the National Trust for Scotland, "The Prisoner of Zenda" film makes its bow. That Lady Hawkins, widow of the author of this Edwardian classic, is on the committee is quite as it should be



LORD POULETT AND HIS COCKTAIL-PARTY HOSTESS, MRS. GLOVER, ARE AMUSED



LADY BRUCE AND MR. CHRISTOPHER DE BATHE AT COCKTAIL-TIME



COLONEL SIR EDWARD WORTHINGTON AND THE DUCHESS OF LEINSTER

The former Miss Rafaele Kennedy, of New York, who married the Duke of Leinster in 1932, was a decorative figure at Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Glover's cocktail-party. Colonel Sir Edward Worthington, late R.A.M.C., has held several distinguished appointments, medical and otherwise. He lives in Upper Brook Street. Lady Bruce, seen with Sir Hugo de Bathe's heir presumptive, is the wife of Captain Sir Michael Bruce (top left). Lord Poulett was in splendid form at this party





*Photographs: Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street*

### H.R.H. PRINCESS PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA

It is good news that the Prince Regent of Yugoslavia's gracious and lovely wife is now well on the way to convalescence after an operation for appendicitis. Princess Paul came to England a short time ago with her sons, Prince Alexander, who has just gone to Eton, and Prince Nicholas, a new boy at Sandroyd School, and she was suddenly taken ill while staying with her brother-in-law and sister the Duke and Duchess of Kent. The former Princess Olga of Greece is the eldest daughter of Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece. Her marriage to Prince Paul of Yugoslavia took place in 1923. Eleven years later her husband was appointed Regent during the minority of his young nephew, King Peter II. Besides their two sons, Prince and Princess Paul have a baby daughter, Princess Elizabeth



THE PRINCESS IN PROFILE

## LONDON NIGHT-LIFE



MR. AND MRS. HAROLD HUTH  
DANCE AT THE DORCHESTER



MR. ARTHUR GRENFELL AND MISS SYLVIA  
LEGGE SUP AT THE FLORIDA



MISS "BILLIE" YORKE AND  
MR. JOHN LANGLEY



CAPTAIN AND MRS. R. A. ("CHINESE")  
DENNE AT THE FLORIDA



MISS MARY ELLIS TALKS OF HER NEW  
SHOW TO CAPTAIN GORDON HALSEY



MR. GUY TAYLOR AND MISS IRIS  
MARCH



MR. SPENCER FORBES AND MISS DIANA  
YOUNGER

Night-life, as they understand that thing on the Continent, is supposed to be non-existent in London, but this, of course, is not correct, though it is so that it takes a more decorous and stately form. Of the pictures in this little gallery, Mr. Harold Huth, formerly so well-known on the stage, is now the M.-G.-M. casting director. Mrs. Huth is the former Lady Hindlip, and was Miss Bridget Nickols. A very interesting personality is Captain "Chinese" Denne, seen with wife. He holds the rank of a Chinese general and was Adjutant-General of that country's forces during the eight years he was there. He is just home "on leave" from the Balkans. Mary Ellis's new play, written for her by Eric Maschwitz, of "Balalaika" fame, is all about Lola Montès. Miss "Billie" Yorke and Mr. John Langley are each famous in their own department of sport, hers being lawn tennis and his Walker Cup golf. Miss Erskine-Crum is a member of the famous Eton and Oxford rowing family and beautiful Miss Iris March, the attractive young actress, is sitting with a Cambridge ski-ing Blue



MISS "BUNTY" ERSKINE-CRUM  
AND MR. DAVID HAWKINS



# "ALLY PALLY" PERSONALITIES



SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD  
AND SIR MELVILL WARD



MRS. LAURIE DUNNE WITH MRS. SYDNEY  
WILKINSON AND MRS. GLORNEY



THE HON. MRS. CECIL LOMAX  
AND MR. DAVID MCCALL



MRS. BRANYEN AND SIR YESHWANT  
RAO HOLKAR



MISS JEAN CAMPBELL, MRS. O'NEIL  
AND MR. T. F. WINNINGTON



MAJOR AND MRS. RALPH  
RAPHAEL

They had enough runners in every contest bar one at Alexandra Park to let the venturesome bet 1, 2, 3, and this in spite of the hard going. In about two weeks' time, unless something happens to soften things, it is doubtful whether they will get as many starters over the Hunting Meadow. Stewards, owners and other celebrities came into the line of fire of the quick-firing camera. Sir Humphrey de Trafford, a Steward of the Jockey Club, was also a Steward of this meeting, and "Skipper" Ward, who is talking to him, goes the rounds most assiduously. Mrs. Glorney, who had one running in the last race, is with two other enthusiasts. Mrs. Laurie Dunne is one of the Leroy Sisters. The Hon. Mrs. Cecil Lomax is one of Lord and Lady Hampden's daughters and a cousin of the Duchess of Gloucester. Sir Yeshwant Rao Holkar, the son of the Maharaja, had a couple running, "Old Folk" winning the Highgate Handicap Plate. Mrs. Branyen is a fair visitor from Los Angeles. Major and Mrs. Raphael know more than most about it, but on this occasion few had any luck



# ENTERTAINMENTS

## à la CARTE

By  
ALAN BOTT



CONWAYS THAT WERE, AND EVERMORE SHALL BE: (ABOVE) MERVYN JOHNS, BARBARA EVEREST, JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON, WILFRED BABBAGE, MOLLY RANKIN, ALEXANDER ARCHDALE, HELEN HORSEY, RAYMOND HUNTLEY. (BELOW) EILEEN ERSKINE, ROSEMARY SCOTT



TOM TITT.

THEY are making a saint of dat ol' debbul Time, and Time the Destroyer is emerging as St. Time the Consoler. It is possible that Time may figure in a sort of twentieth-century religion of physics plus mysticism, blending yesterday with to-morrow into balm for grief and assurance of life eternal. Here, at the moment, is J. B. Priestley with two inspiring plays which, planted in good, dramatic earth though they be, deal in the time-theories that have flourished since Einstein and blossomed for the lay public in J. W. Dunne's exciting books, *An Experiment with Time* and *The Serial Universe*.

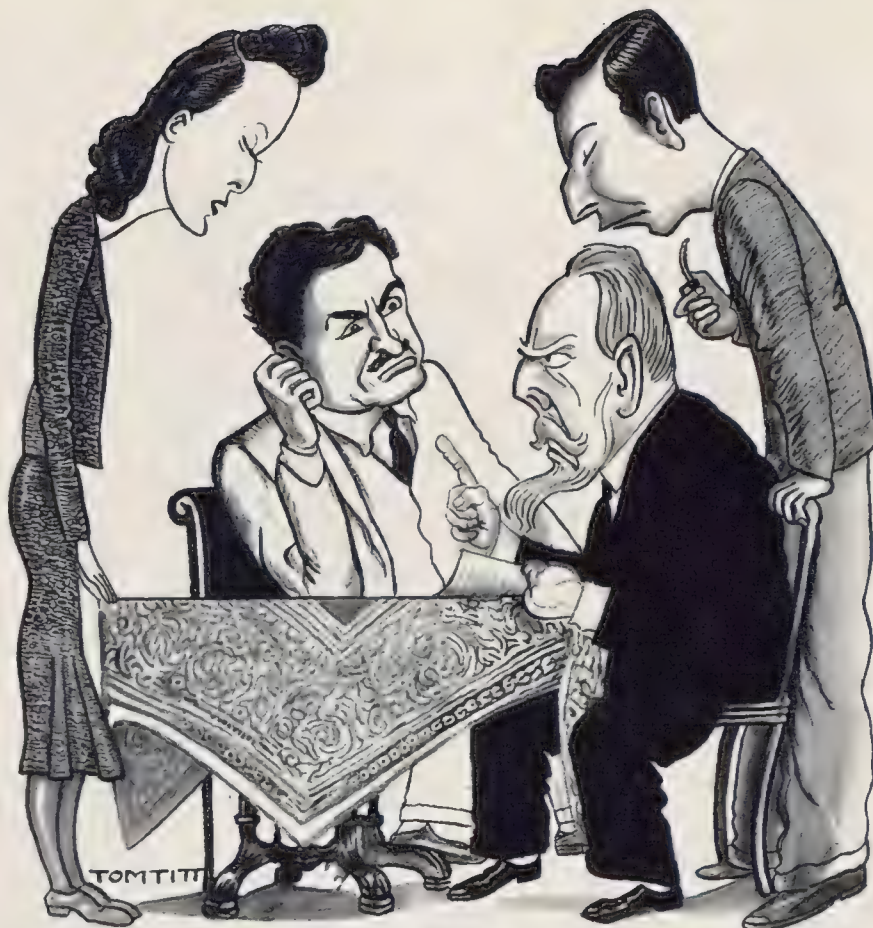
*Time and the Conways*, at the Duchess Theatre, would be an admirable play even without its question-mark in Time. Its author is the Priestley of *Eden End*; the Priestley who can so present a family group that you realise how they think, what they feel, and why they thus behave. His first Act has an excess of small-town gaiety, but against their charades the Conways of 1919 are etched in acute perception: Hazel, sure in her beauty and as snobbishly sure that she will marry money and distinction; Madge from Girton, straining toward the brave new socialistic world into which she plans to lead a diffident young solicitor; Carol, the youngest, so vital in her eagerness; Alan, demobilised into a safe, small job beyond which ambition does not wander; Robin from the R.A.F., ambitious to sell cars and things in a big way (he can even wangle an introduction to the great Jimmy White), but ready for fun with the local Joan who loves him; and Kay, the odd girl out who sees round corners, trying to write novels in which the best will not be good enough.

Kay, alone by window while the satisfied Mother sings off-stage, sees round a curve in time; and here they are in 1937 for a remarkable second Act. The locusts of time seem to have eaten much more than the years between. There has been general disillusion: Kay, at the end of an abortive affair with a married man, is writing, instead of her novels, interviews with the pretentious film-stars who keep on arriving at Southampton; Madge is a tense, grim schoolmistress; Hazel, married to the pushing profiteer whom she disdained when a girl, is empty of satisfaction and in terror of his mental sadism. Degeneracy is also there: the Mother has sunk into futility and selfishness, tempered by her doting upon Robin, now an intermittent drunkard who has wasted the family fortune and deserted his wife and young. And Mr. Priestley has killed off his glowing young Carol. Only Alan, still the dim, pipe-smoking clerk, has what the mother of Bernard Shaw's *Fanny* called "the happiness within," despite shabby circumstance. It would be a heart-rending Act without Alan's consolation of Kay with Dunne's time-theory and Blake's "... Safely through the world we go."



## Exit Dat Ol' Debbul, Time

It may be that Mr. Priestley, thus far, has overloaded the dice on the side of frustration. (In only one of several families whom, as an experiment, I recalled from 1919 has the deterioration been comparable to that of the Conways—even their Alan is not altogether immune, since his form of contentment could be claimed as an escape from life and his atrophied love.) A dramatist of this fine calibre, however, is entitled to his chosen instance. The sense of general disaster vanishes when Kay is persuaded that the past lives on. Mr. Priestley, carefully avoiding the profound and the abstruse, puts into Alan's mouth no more than a few simplifications that suggest enough to all, while implying a great deal more to some. Time is not a single line, but a pattern upon which cross-sections of ourselves have simultaneous existence. It is not a road but a landscape; and the happy young Conways of 1919 still exist upon a different part of the view. My own simplification is inexact, but it can serve to indicate the kind of comfort which accompanies Kay on her return journey through Time. There she is again, among the variously happy young Conways; and there, for all we know, they evermore may be. Meanwhile, and in despite of ironic over-emphasis, they wear for the spectator the poignancy that comes from foreknowledge. This hope will fade, that vow will not be kept, this love will curdle, that other approach to love will be cruelly blocked, this bright and attractive



THEY WILL BE THERE AGAIN: (ABOVE) PATRICIA HILLIARD, WILFRID LAWSON, LEWIS CASSON, WILLIAM FOX. (BELOW, LEFT) EILEEN BELDON AND WILLIAM HEILBRONN



flame will be snuffed out within a year. Or will this happen, in terms of the absolute reality? The answer is behind the deft, gradual and somehow reassuring black-out into which the Conways fade for their last Curtain.

Whether as family drama or as something deeper, this is a beautifully imagined play, full of good writing, unbroken in its unity. It is beautifully acted, and beautifully produced by Miss Irene Hentschel (beyond the first ten minutes of loose and restless charade-stuff). Kay is the kind of rôle in which Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson excels, and I doubt whether she has ever done anything more compelling. Her transformation from an eager twenty-one to a tight-lipped thirty-nine is astonishing in its sureness; but as much can be said about the interchange between firmness and flabbiness which Miss Barbara Everest and Mr. Alexander Archdale achieve between the Acts. The team play up to each other so well that it seems invidious to particularise; though I cannot help referring to Mr. Mervyn Johns for his first-class study of the warped profiteer, Miss Helen Horsey for her pathetic Joan, and Miss Molly Rankin for her absurd but fervent blending of love with the New Jerusalem. That still leaves Mr. Raymond Huntley, Miss Rosemary Scott, and Miss Eileen Erskine for honourable mention. Unless your taste in the theatre accepts no more than farce and musical comedy, please make a point of seeing *Time and the Conways*.

*I Have Been Here Before*, at the Royalty, is like the other Priestley play in that it denies the idea of relentless time ticking away all that gives flavour to human life. It is unlike because it becomes a metaphysical thriller in which the people are gripped by outside forces. Mr. Lewis Casson, who here produces for Mr. Priestley, has rightly given them something of the effect of marionettes, though they are vital in terms of the action and argument.

It is in search of a tragedy already played that the old German professor enters an inn on the Yorkshire moors, to meet a stranger he has not seen and two strangers remembered only from a possible dream. They will be a middle-aged manufacturer, his young wife, and a young schoolmaster. The wife, out of love with her husband, will at once fall in love with the schoolmaster. Within a few days they will elope. The husband will thereupon decide to destroy himself. And so it occurs. Whence the old man's knowledge?

(Continued on page xxiv)



# Priscilla in Paris



MARTA EGGERTH AND JAN KIEPURA  
IN A NEW FILM

Marta Eggerth is seen here with Jan Kiepura, her husband, in a new film called "Zauber der Bohème," work on which has recently been completed in an Austrian studio

**T**RÈS CHER,—There is something positively maternal in the way that the decorative young "sales gentlemen" who adorn the Show with their elegant presence watch protectively over the baby cars that are a feature of this year's Salon de l'Automobile. "Small but solid" being the slogan, I presume that their anxiety is not for the paintwork or the possible damage to sardine-tin wings when the crowd presses too heavily round the roped-in stands. Perhaps they are merely afraid that, given the size of these midgets, some of them may disappear tucked into a light-fingered spectator's waistcoat pocket! President Lébrun, who is the joy of Montmartre's *chansonniers* on account of the reputed size of his pedal extremities, is said to have bought two of the smallest make—one for each foot!

Driving in Paris has always been an exciting pastime. Since the opening of "Expo 1937," the excitement reached fever-pitch. Now that the Salon is here, "fever-pitch" is inaccurate: the present state of affairs suggests that the thermometer has—bust! Needless to say that the municipal authorities have chosen this auspicious moment to tear up quite a few streets, and you can imagine what merryell reigns in this pleasant village. One's car, however, becomes *le dernier salon où l'on cause*. I have never yet been locked in a traffic jam without finding a friend within gossip-distance. With a certain amount of practice—and we have had plenty—one is able to converse quite comfortably, in spite of the hooting and cursing that goes on around.

Thus this morning, during a halt in the midst of the giddy-go-round that is now the Place du Trocadero, the pianist Lucienne Delforge, whom you have so often heard in London, was two cars and a half—the "half" was a Simca—away to my right. This did not prevent me from hearing her news. Sad for us, since she is leaving France, with music and offspring complete, in order to join her American husband, Bob Stern, who is something of a loud whisper in New York's Street of Ink. When the second honeymoon is over she is going on a concert tour, organised by l'Alliance Française,

through the States and Canada. Good old Niagara Falls! I suggest that they combine the tour and the honeymoon. Bob could always turn over the leaves. It is true, on the other hand, that Lucienne Delforge always plays "by heart."

She has an amusing story about her tour in Holland last spring. At Nimègue she stayed at the house of the President of the France-Hollande Society, where all the other celebrities who have played, sung, lectured, or merely graced the Netherlands with their presence have stayed. The guest-room, full of fine old Dutch furniture, was delightful, and the bed, that had been occupied at various times by Paul Fort, Georges Duhamel, José Germain, and René Benjamin amongst others, was an imposing edifice. Her host wished her pleasant slumbers, with no nightmares or ghostly visitations, when she retired. "Were there any?" I enquired—for to dream of Paul Fort would not be my idea of restful sleep. Lucienne smiled: "No nightmares, no visitations," she murmured. I suggested that this was hardly gallant of the ghosts, but just then the car ahead began to move. Lucienne's voice came to me across the seething street: "No sleep either!" she yelled. "The mattress was too darn lumpy!"

In the Faubourg St. Honoré one night I caught a glimpse of Percy Mitchell, the eminent critic of the Continental

D.M. He, wise fellah, was on the rear platform of a motor-bus, and returning from Cécile Sorel's "recital" at the Salle Pleyel. I had been there earlier in the evening, but, in the vernacular of the country, I "did not have the courage to go as far as the cemetery," and left before the end. Marlene Dietrich was there, as vampish in black as she was girlish in green when I saw her last week, scoring heavily as a counter-attraction. It was rumoured that the Duchess of Windsor was to attend this affair, but if she did she must have been even more carefully incognito than la Garbo herself on a holiday. "Did you see her?" I asked my pal on the motor-bus, but although Percy Mitchell is one of those nice people who do not high-hat their more humble *confrères*, he pretended he did not hear, and the bus moved on in an opposite direction. To the end of time the great question will remain unanswered! Was, or was *not*, the Duchess



ILONA HAJMASSY, STAR OF THE AUSTRIAN  
STATE OPERA

Ilona Hajmassy has had one of those careers dear to the writers of magazine-stories. She started as a sewing-maid and is now an idolised operatic star of Vienna. She has that delightful blonde beauty and charm seen to such perfection among the Hungarians

there? It is said that Cécile Sorel herself does not know the truth. 'Tis wropt in mystery!

Yet another chance encounter was with that lovely, attractive and very distinguished young French actress Germaine Aussey, who is back from Hollywood on a ten-day spree for clothes and relaxation. Miss Chrysler 1924 was mascot-to-tail-light with her majestic Rolls, and we conversed through back and front windows. "And you really like Hollywood?" I inanely asked. The reply was brief: "Not so much as I expected to. A rattlesnake was killed in my front garden the morning after I arrived, and I've discovered that I have to pay out about sixty per cent. of what I earn in taxation!" Then the *flic* moved us on! Screen-struck maidens, please note Germaine's answer!

PRISCILLA



## ACCORDING TO HOLLYWOOD



IN "WEE WILLIE  
WINKIE":  
VICTOR McLAGLEN

AND  
SHIRLEY  
TEMPLE



JUNE LANG AND TONY MARTIN  
IN "ALI BABA COMES TO TOWN"



DOROTHY LAMOUR AND JON HALL  
IN "HURRICANE"

"Wee Willie Winkie" turned into a little girl, who is just as military-minded as Kipling's little boy, is how Hollywood has managed to find yet another outlet for the talent of that wonderful child, Shirley Temple. It opened at the Gaumont Theatre on October 14th, and is certain to have a success with people who do not know the North-West Frontier of India. Victor McLaglen has the other big part, Sergeant MacDuff, and it is a Twentieth Century-Fox production. "Ali Baba Comes to Town" is another Twentieth Century-Fox production, and is a musical extravaganza now in production. Eddie Cantor is the big noise, but in the picture above are seen June Lang and Tony Martin in one of the scenes. "Hurricane," in which are displayed Dorothy Lamour and Jon Hall, is a United Artists film which will be trade-shown somewhere about the end of November. It is a South Sea Island tale, and Raymond Massey, as the Governor, is faced with the problem of a convict, whom he believes to have been wrongly imprisoned, who has accidentally killed a guard in escaping. During a devastating hurricane the fugitive prisoner has, in the course of his efforts for the safety of his own family, saved the Governor's wife as well. Gratitude and admiration overcome the Governor's sense of what the law requires and the escapee is discreetly allowed to make his "get-away" with his family



## IRISH CAMBRIDGESHIRE DAY AT THE CURRAGH

MR. DAVID FITZGERALD AND  
LADY LAVINIA DUNDASMR. TOM NEARY, LORD MILTON AND THE  
HON. CHRISTOPHER FURNESS, M.F.H.NEWLY MARRIEDS: MR. AND  
MRS. "BILL" BRACKENLORD ROSSE AND HIS WIFE, WHO  
IS OLIVER MESSEL'S SISTERLADY PLUNKET AND MR. NESBIT  
WADDINGTON WATCH THE PARADELORD FINGALL WITH MISS BETTY  
MC CALL AND MISS PANSY REECE

This year's Irish Cambridgeshire was held on a Saturday instead of the customary Wednesday, and judging by the huge attendance at Ireland's Racing Headquarters—alias The Curragh—the innovation was generally popular. Presumably the result of the big race also went well with backers, for the winner, Captain Herbert Dixon's "Grangemore," and the second and third, "Walter's Pride" and "Flaxman," were three of four joint-favourites all on the 6-to-1 mark. The Hon. "Dick" Furness saw his "Just a Lady" win the next event, the Stand Seller; Lord Furness's son is Joint-Master of the Limerick with Mr. John Alexander. Mr. David Fitzgerald, photographed with Lord Zetland's daughter, is a brother of Geraldine Fitzgerald, the young Irish film actress, who recently married Mr. Edward Lindsay-Hogg. Mrs. "Bill" Bracken, whose husband has so often ski-ed for Great Britain, was easily distinguished at The Curragh by her calf-skin coat. Mr. Waddington, assistant manager of the Aga Khan's stud in Co. Kildare, talked for some time to ocelot-trimmed Lady Plunket; and Miss Betty McCall, whose mother manages Mr. Marshall Field's stud in Meath, exchanged news with Lord Fingall. The latter, as Lord Killeen, used to ride a lot of winners

Photographs by Poole, Dublin





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## FINALE OF THE BALLET

The above picture, one of those reproduced in "*Cecil Beaton's Scrap-Book*," has to do with the ballet, *The First Shoot*, which was an incident in C. B. Cochran's revue, *Follow the Sun*. Cecil Beaton was responsible both for the design of the dresses and of the scenery of this ballet. "*Cecil Beaton's*





# T, "THE FIRST SHOOT"

By CECIL BEATON

"Scrap-Book" is more than a collection of his photographic and artistic work; it is a collection of essays and comments on people, places and events, spiced with wit and candour. There are memories of sitters, of people he has met, of affairs in which he has had a hand—and all amusing



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### THE OAK AND THE YEW: AT MANSEL LACY, HEREFORDSHIRE

Photo. : A. H. Robinson

There is more here than a photograph of an old house. A picture rises of a yeoman in leather jerkin and buskins fossicking in the depths of the yew-trees—doubtless the same trees!—for a shaft to cut for a long-bow. Beside him, craftsmen carefully cutting the complicated mortises of the timbering for the new house. The oak on which they worked may well have fathered the tall tree now seen behind the roof. The Wars of the Roses were yet to come; the men who worked on the house grumbled at the incompetence of Lord Somerset, but the Duke of York had not yet taken arms. There were yet more than a hundred years to run before Queen Elizabeth's accession. To-day the little stream runs exactly where it ran when it carried away the chips of the new joists, the yew-trees still stand beside the sheltering eaves





AT THE TOWCESTER STEEPLECHASES

A few of the distinguished gallery at this one-day jumping meeting run over the course owned by Lord Hesketh and which is very attractive from the visitors' point of view. In the picture are Lord Cromwell, Mr. G. C. Weiner, the Hon. David Bewicke-Copley, son and heir of the house of Cromwell, Lady Cromwell, Miss L. MacIlwaine, and the Hon. Phillippa Bewicke-Copley. The hard going kept some of the steeds at home

**S**TILL more signs of this nascent fox-hunting season continue to crop up, and here is a further contribution from someone in the Southdown country, who relates that—

"The two huntsmen were placed in a position to head the fox from going up the Downs. In trying to do this, one of the horses kicked the fox and killed it instantly. Mr. — witnessed the incident from about twenty yards distance. He adds that he gathered later the huntsman had 'a few kind words' addressed to him by the Master."

There are very few hunts rich enough to afford three huntsmen; also it is customary for only one of them to hunt the hounds at the same moment. I am also certain that the Southdown Master was not blunt with the huntsman, who must have been in covert with his hounds. However, such a lot of funny things do happen out fox-hunting. A few most

extraordinary ones are related in a new book by Gilbert Frankau, who never ought to try to write about this sport or equitation in any form. It is quite out of his pond.

The same rule about only one at a time applies to jockeys. They are not allowed to ride more than one horse in each race. It has happened, of course, that a jockey has ridden two animals in the same contest, but that was merely an accident or *faux pas*. The way it happened was like this: there were only two

left standing up as they went into the last fence: both fell. One of the bloody and muddy heroes managed to catch a horse and rode him home the winner. The reception he got from the owner and trainer was positively glacial. It was the wrong horse, and it was not wanted till the following Saturday fortnight. This, of course, was far worse than having three huntsmen to one pack of hounds.

As, however, we are on this subject of the fox-hunt, it is to be hoped that any intending "huntsman" who thinks that it may be possible he may have two minds to make up, has started collecting lumps of sugar,

## Pictures in the Fire



ENGAGED: THE HON. ANTOINETTE PRESTON

Poole, Dublin

The engagement of Lord and Lady Gormanston's only daughter to Mr. Peter Lunn, son of Mr. Arnold and Lady Mabel Lunn, was recently announced. The attractive picture was taken on the banks of the River Devlin at Gormanston Castle, Co. Meath



Norman Brown

### H.M. THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO DUNDEE

Her Majesty paid a surprise visit to the Lord Roberts' Memorial Workshops in Dundee, where such excellent things of all sorts are turned out. The Queen is seen shaking hands with Mr. Thomas Petrie, the works manager, after her tour of inspection, in which she was greatly interested



### TWIN BROTHERS—TWIN MASTERS!

It must be a record in the history of the Christ Church Beagles to have twins as Joint-Masters, but here are Mr. P. T. and E. C. Ashton, and their proud parents, Colonel and Mrs. S. E. Ashton, on the left of the group, taken at the opening meet at Wheatley. It is probable that no pack of hounds of any description has had twin Masters



By "SABRETACHE"



Swabe

LADY DELAMERE AND HER SON, HUGH

A recent picture taken at Vale Royal, Lord Delamere's seat near Northwich. Lady Delamere is the eldest of Lord George Scott's daughters and hence a cousin of the Duchess of Gloucester. The Hon. Hugh Cholmondeley, seen in the picture, is the only son

or jockey. To cure this, let the horse first smell a lump of sugar, then shy it over the fence and say: "Soo! Soo! Soo!" The effect will be surprising—in fact, it has happened ere now that the horse has got the other side so quickly that the jockey has been left behind, and has had to waste about half-a-pound of sugar before he catches the ungrateful and greedy brute.

Some people, of course, will give you any money you like to ask for a conscientious objector—that is, a horse guaranteed to refuse to leap under any circumstances.



WINNERS AT THE "BYSTANDER" AUTUMN FOURSOMES

A collection of smiles and prizes at Roehampton; and the identification guide is: Sitting in the centre, Lady Brecknock and Mrs. Idina Mills, the winners; the runners-up are on either side: Miss A. C. Robinson and Mrs. H. C. Sturgess-Wells. Behind are three semi-finalists: Mrs. T. D. Richardson, Mrs. H. S. T. Neilson and Mrs. Hugh Read



AT COL. ELLIOTT CARNEGIE'S SHOOT AT LOUR, FORFARSHIRE

A group of the guns and a few others of Colonel and Mrs. Elliott Carnegie's recent pheasant shoot from Lour House, Forfarshire. In the picture are:

Left to right (back row): Lord Teynham, Prince Stan Poniatowski (Poland), Sir Gifford Fox, Sir Charles Cayzer, Colonel Elliott Carnegie of Lour, Major Balfour of Kelso, Mr. Michael Crichton Stewart, Miss Elizabeth Carnegie, and Princess Poniatowski of Poland. Front row, left to right: Miss Christian Carnegie, Prince Edmond Poniatowski, Miss Lavina Carnegie and Mrs. Elliott Carnegie

so as to be ready for the fray or carnage, as you might say. This stuff is very useful. Some animals, as is well known to all, suddenly put on all four brakes when approaching an obstacle with frequently very nasty consequences to the coachman

even the Chief Justice, and *you* can't teach him anything! Just let 'im sail at them, and he'll do the rest." It is often found that he does.

Horseback riders, or even "huntmen," who have to alter the lengths of their leathers more than once, should at once resign a contest which has become quite unequal. It is a certain sign that their nerves have gone to fiddle-strings and that, therefore, there is very great danger. This is just as sure a sign as is fumbling about with the strings, called by some reins, and sorting them out as per books of instruction on equitation. Licking the lips and swallowing an imaginary Whitstable are other signs. Inability to answer even the simplest question put by a fellow huntsman, or woman, is also a direct indication that the time has come to pull down the blinds. The leather-altering business is, however, the most deadly

(Continued on page xiv)



NOT ENGAGED: SIR WILLIAM WISEMAN AND MISS KAY STAMMERS

All the rumours notwithstanding, Miss Kay Stammers, who fought so well for England in the Wightman Cup, strenuously denies the fact of her engagement to Sir William Wiseman. The picture was taken at Atlantic Beach, Long Island





## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

The two golfers were anxious to get on with their game, but every time they prepared to drive, a woman player stood in front of them some yards away.

The golfers yelled "Fore!" several times, but the woman paid no attention and simply stood there fiddling with her clubs. One of the golfers decided in a rage to quit the course.

"Wait a moment," said his companion, "I have an idea."

He cupped his hands round his mouth and shouted "Fore!" once again. But still the woman took no notice.

Then in one supreme effort the golfer shouted, "Three and eleven-three!"

And the woman turned round immediately and stepped out of the way!

\* \* \*

The captain and the chief engineer of a small vessel had an argument as to which had the more important job. Each thought the other's work was much simpler than his own.

Finally, the captain volunteered to take the engineer's place in the engine room if the latter would take his place on the bridge, and they accordingly changed over.

After a short interval, the captain telephoned up to the engineer, "I think you'd better come down here. The engines have stopped and I can't get them to move at all."

"Don't worry," replied the engineer. "We're ashore!"

\* \* \*

"How's your brother doing these days?" asked Black.

"Oh, he's doing fine," replied Black. "He's working with 5000 people under him."

"Really? Where?"

"Mowing lawns in a cemetery."

\* \* \*

The following story comes from the British Legion Scottish Journal:

"A cub reporter, frequently reprimanded for relating too many details and warned to be brief, turned in the following:

"A shooting affair occurred last night. Sir Dwight Hopeless, a guest at Lady Panmore's ball, complained of feeling ill, took a large whisky, his hat, his coat, his departure, no notice of his friends, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket, and finally his life. Nice chap. Regrets, and all that sort of thing."

\* \* \*

"Now, if I write 'n-e-w' on the blackboard," said the teacher to her elementary spelling class, "what does that spell?"

"New."

"Right. And if I put a 'k' in front of it, what does that make it?"

"Canoe."

"NOW, PUPS, I CAN TEACH YOU SOMETHING!"

It may be that some of us can remember referring (*solito voce*) to someone or other of our learned instructors as a dirty dog, or words to that effect, and not a few of us might have preferred to learn what this cunning old fellow could have taught us about rats and what-not! The "cynic" school of thought takes its name from the Greek for a dog, but quite illogically, for cynicism is the last thing a dog would teach!

MRS. BROWN had gone away for the week-end, and on the first night there was a thunder-storm. Her small son, terrified by the noise, crept into his father's bed.

The next morning, when he woke up, the boy said: "Daddy, do you know you talk in your sleep?"

"Do I, my boy? What did I say last night?" asked his father, a trifle nervously.

"You were teaching someone to say words," replied the boy.

"What sort of words?"

"Little words," was the reply. "You kept saying to someone, 'Say when!'"

\* \* \*

"I say, old man," said a passenger on the ocean liner to another passenger, leaning over the rail, "we need one more for the married men's tug-of-war team. Will you pull for us? You are married, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not," replied the other, "it's the roll of this beastly ship that makes me look like that."

\* \* \*

A woman went to the fishmonger's and asked for a nice smoked haddock.

"How about this one, lady?" asked the assistant.

"No," said the woman, "I don't like the look of that one."

"Well, what about this one?" suggested the assistant, dangling another fish before her eyes. "He's a proper Clark Gable, he is—look at his ears."



A BALLERINA AND HER SON: PEARL ARGYLE (MRS. KURT BERNHARDT) AND STEPHEN

Pearl Argyle has announced her intention of returning to dance at Sadler's Wells during the season of Vic-Wells ballet and opera. She is a South African and a native of Johannesburg; in the picture she is seen with her eight-months-old son, Stephen Bernhardt.





## *Autumn Elegance*

Every year, the Looking-Glass of Fashion returns a new image. This year, the image presented is delicately feminine. If you have any doubts about your figure, lose no time in paying a visit to the Elizabeth Arden Exercise Salon. One of her specially trained assistants will tell you exactly where it needs attention and just how you can reform your outline.

But if your figure is supremely important this season, so also is your make-up. To harmonise with the vivid new colours—many of them difficult to wear—Elizabeth Arden has devised new and flattering make-ups. Consult an Elizabeth Arden assistant as to which shades of lipstick, powder, eye-shade, foundation you should wear with your Autumn ensemble.

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## THE FIRST DAY'S PLAY IN THE WORPLESDON FOURSOMES



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LEAVING THE FIRST TEE



MR. FRANCIS FRANCIS, MISS PAM  
BARTON AND MR. L. G. CRAWLEY



MISS MERVYN BARTON AND THE  
COMTE L. DE MONTGOMERY



MR. IAN AKERS-DOUGLAS AND THE  
HON. MRS. HELY-HUTCHINSON



MISS DIANA FISHWICK AND  
BRIG.-GENERAL CRITCHLEY



MR. ROBERT SWEENEY, THE BRITISH  
CHAMPION, AND MRS. PHILIP HILL

The Worpleston Foursomes, played last week, are easily the outstanding mixed event of the golfing calendar. They were instituted in 1921 when Miss E. E. Helme and Mr. T. A. Torrance had the distinction of beating a certain Miss Joyce Wethered and her brother in the final. Since then Lady Heathcoat-Amory, whose picture appears on page 110, has been on the winning side eight times. Sir Basil and Lady Eddis, whose home course is Aldeburgh, had a 3-and-2 win on the opening day. Miss Pam Barton, British and American Champion in 1936, and Mr. Francis Francis, who won the Dutch Championship last year and the year before, reached the second round by the same margin. Mr. Leonard Crawley, of cricket and racquets as well as golf fame, played with Mrs. Heppel and had a 7-and-5 victory to start off with. The Comte de Montgomery came over from France on purpose for Worpleston and partnered Miss Pam Barton's sister. Lord Chilston's nephew, Mr. Ian Akers-Douglas, who plays cricket for Middlesex, had Lord Donoughmore's daughter-in-law as his partner, and a first-round defeat. Miss Diana Fishwick and "Critch" also got beaten in the first round, a totally unexpected fate for the winners, four years running, of the De La Chaume Foursomes. Financier

Mr. Philip Hill's attractive wife and Mr. Robert Sweeny, British Champion, had an easy passage to the second day's play





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# OLD DESIRES

By

PETER TRAILL



*"The door swung open behind me, and the lady returned, carrying in her hands a small packet of letters"*

THE first—and incidentally, the last—Baron Greytown was dead. The news had taken the city where he worked, the country in which he lived, and the various people with whom he came into close and distant relations, entirely by surprise. Had he lingered a week or so and then stumbled through the shadowy portals, the probability is that not nearly so much would have been said; but the sudden news, spilled out upon the tape, that he had collapsed at a business function and died pretty well instantaneously set everyone talking. And at no place was the talk so fast and furious as at the Savoy, where Tony Weald was giving a party to a few acquaintances who, until the news of Lord Greytown's death, had appeared to be undecided whether their host's object in giving the lunch was to discover the immediate trend in Wall Street or to finish the Kümmel.

When the truth about Lord Greytown was confirmed, and there was no longer any room for doubt, Tony Weald's guests were not backward in giving their opinions about the deceased. With a unanimity which was striking, they agreed that the Baron had been a most unwelcome addition to the Peerage, that the city—and, indeed, the country—was well rid of him, and that it was astounding how a man

blessed with so little brains could rise to the heights which he had.

Tony Weald helped himself to some more Kümmel and, beyond an occasional word which seemed to imply agreement, made no effort to add any contribution to the opinions which were being delivered, until the rest of them made out that the dead man had been a fool. Then he ran his somewhat moist hand through his fair hair, and throwing himself back in his chair, raised his clean-shaven, flushed face towards them.

"He was no fool," he said dogmatically.

His guests paid no attention to his interruption. In the first place they were older than Tony and had known Baron Greytown, off and on, throughout the last ten years of his life, which circumstance gave them, they considered, ample reason for their assertions; and in the second they were sure that Tony was too young to have come into contact with him at all, except perhaps occasionally at social functions. They therefore went on to elaborate the various idiotic things which they affirmed he had done, and ignored the repeated attempts of their host to interrupt them. In desperation, Tony passed the bottle of Kümmel round and it was in the lull occasioned by the refilling of the glasses that he managed to make himself heard again.

"I tell you he was no fool: I ought to know," he said. The fellow nearest to him laughed a short and sarcastic laugh.

"What d'you know?" he asked. "You never had any dealings with him. You couldn't have."

"Not in business," Tony conceded. "But if he handled his business affairs as well as he handled his private ones, he didn't get where he was by luck; I can tell you that."

Nothing is so conducive to the urgent dissemination of gossip than a man's luncheon-party, unless it be a man's dinner-party: and at the word "private," the voices died down and every one of his guests gave him their undivided attention.

"I never heard anything——" began one of them.

"Don't think he'd much use for women," said another.

"He wasn't that sort. Much too frightened of his reputation—though Heaven knows it was bad enough, anyway," put in a third. Tony looked at them each and severally with his good-natured blue eyes.

"He made use of me very cleverly," he said. If there was one thing which Tony certainly had not got it was brains, and stupid as his guests thought the late Baron to have been, they would have voted him an exceedingly clever man compared with their host. The notion, therefore, that Lord Greytown, a man who lived for the making of money, should have any contact with Tony Weald, who existed simply to hold up bars and indulge in a few flutters on the turf and the bourse, was ludicrous to them.

"What did he do? Sting you at chemmy at a charity do?" one asked. Tony shook his head.

"No," he said. "About six months ago he sent for me. I'd never met him before, as a matter of fact. He asked me to lunch. Not here; a quiet place where we weren't likely to be seen. When I got his letter, I thought he must be a little cracked; but he wasn't. After he'd given me a

*(Continued on page 131)*





All to match in Grey  
Indian Lamb . . . a coat  
with fitted waist and  
flared skirt, a high-  
fashioned hat and a  
little round barrel muff.  
From the Fur Salon—  
the set for 100 Guineas.

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## OLD DESIRES—

(Contd. from p. 132)

damned good lunch, and talked a lot of piffle, he got down to the point."

"Which was?" they asked in chorus.

"He offered me a thousand quid to go to Berlin."

"What the hell for? To join his German staff?"

"That's what I thought he meant," Tony Weald continued. "As I can't speak a word of German, it seemed quite ludicrous to me." Tony twiddled the glass round in his fingers and then went on deliberately. "No, it wasn't anything like that. You see, he knew then that they were going to make him a Peer."

"What of it?"

"He was also very rich; and he thought the combination of the two might prove too much for a certain lady in Berlin." He swallowed the dregs in the glass. "No names, no pack-drill," he continued. "But the long and short of it was that I was to fly to Berlin, interview the lady, who was showing signs of becoming restive, and secure the few letters which she had."

"Did you know the lady?" one of them asked.

"I'd never even heard of her."

"Why didn't he employ his solicitors and go about it in the ordinary way?"

"I suppose he thought I'd be more effective," Tony answered. Whether he expected a laugh or not, he certainly got one. The idea of Tony conducting a delicate operation of the kind outlined by him was ludicrous to his guests.

"I told you the late Baron was an idiot," the man on his left put in.

"But he wasn't," Tony protested.

"I got the letters, and all it cost him was the thousand pounds. What's more, he was so confident of my success that he paid the money into my bank before I left. My instructions were that I was to be met by his Berlin agent and would be introduced by him, so soon as he could manage it, to the lady. I was to get myself invited to the lady's house and just ask her for the letters."

"And if she refused to hand them over?" they asked at once.

"I was to stay there, and he would send me further instructions," Tony replied promptly. "The whole thing seemed mad to me—like those deals of his seemed to you—and I told him so. He answered



AT ASHBY CASTLE—MENTIONED IN "IVANHOE"

In the above group are Miss "Bobby" Greenish, Lord Mauchline, heir to the Earldom of Loudoun and son of Lady Loudoun, a Peeress in her own right, who married Captain R. M. C. Huddleston, who assumed the name of Abney-Hastings by royal licence; and on the right Miss Betty Greenish, the other daughter of the late Mr. F. J. Greenish and Mrs. Greenish. Ashby Castle, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, is mentioned in Scott's "Ivanhoe"

LADY ASTOR SEES HER SON  
OFF TO AMERICA

The Hon. Michael Astor, Lord and Lady Astor's third son, left last week to take up an appointment in America, and this snapshot was taken just before he boarded the boat-train at Waterloo

me rather grimly that if I was half as sane as he was, life should present no problems to me in the future. So I shrugged my shoulders, packed my bag, and flew over. His agent met me and knew what he had to do, but not, of course, why. I duly met the lady at a reception. Greytown's man took me over and I found myself looking at the full figure of a fair woman who had certainly been pretty when she was young, but who was now well past the flower of youth. When the agent introduced me, I was astonished to see the rather insipid smile with which she was proposing to greet me disappear from her face, and she gave me her hand very slowly and deliberately. As I raised it to my lips she repeated my name softly, as if to make sure of the pronunciation. Then she made a little small-talk and, finally detaching herself from me, I saw her sidle over to the agent Johnny and put an eager question or two to him. I don't know what he said, but she came to me almost at once and began to talk to me of England; asked me where I lived and all sorts of junk. Finally, she asked me how long I was to be in Berlin and whether I

was there on business or pleasure.

"A bit of both," I answered. "It depends on you, madame." The last part caused her to open her eyes; but I saw no reason to beat about the bush.

"On me?" she echoed in a puzzled voice. "You are in trouble?" she continued anxiously.

"Not exactly," I replied. "But if I could see you alone I could explain." She thought that over for a moment or two and then she put her hand on my arm.

"But of course," she said. "Come to my house to-morrow afternoon." She gave me her address and then, turning to other people, dismissed me; but I did not leave the reception immediately, and I was conscious that so long as I stayed, her eyes never left me for long. Tony reached for the bottle of Kummel and, seeing that it was empty, sighed before he continued. "I went to see her the following afternoon and was not too comfortable with the thought of what I had to say to her. She received me very graciously.

"What is the matter?" she asked simply.

"Before I tell you that," I answered, "I'd better say that I don't understand why I am here and I hope that whatever I say will not be taken down by you in evidence against me."

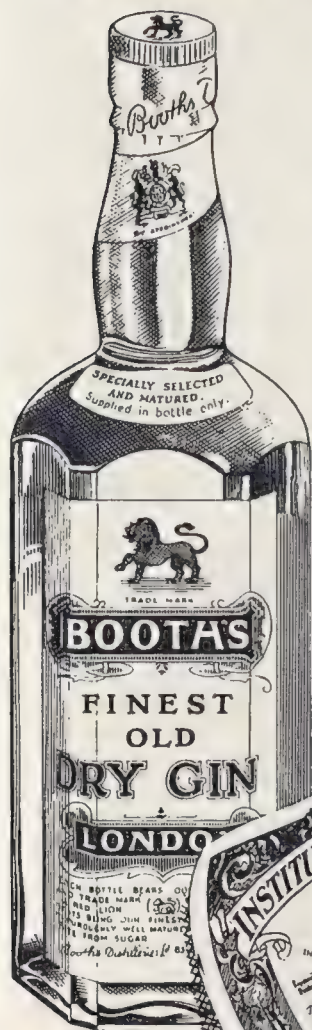
(Continued on page xviii)



*Always ask for  
Gin by name —*



IT'S BETTER TO SAY  
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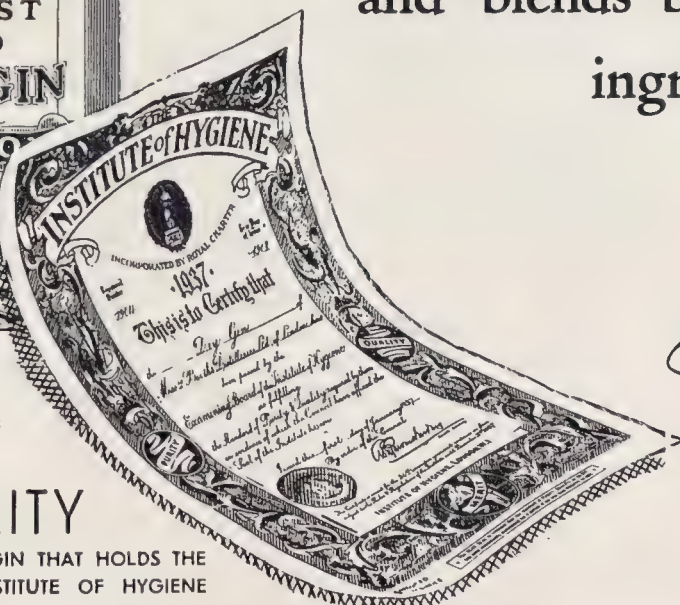


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# AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

## Seeing Stars.

**T**O those of the old dead-reckoning school of air navigation, the appearance of this new-fangled Air Almanac is apt to be profoundly disturbing. Between chaste blue covers, it contains a lot of intimate information about the sun, the moon, and the four planets—Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Its object is to enable the air navigator to find out where he is without radio aid. "For many years," says the book, presumably to lessen the shock of the columns of figures in the ephemeral

of outside aid. And for this the Air Almanac provides the necessary tables. It is also a sign of the times; of the final departure of the old, exciting, but extraordinarily inaccurate methods of finding the way in the air. With the publication of the Air Almanac, dead reckoning is dead.

## Perch Landings.

**P**atent specifications have appeared recently of Mr. R. A. C. Brie's perch landing device for rotating-wing aircraft, especially autogiros. The idea is that a jumping autogiro can take off from and land on an area little bigger than its own. So Mr. Brie provides it with a platform, which can be used on board ship or anywhere else, which can be turned to face in any direction, and which is furnished with a V-shaped pick-up for making connection with a hook lowered from the machine. Mr. Brie claims—and he knows more about the flying of rotating-wing aircraft than anybody else on earth—that it would be possible to operate an autogiro from one of these platforms without difficulty. He goes farther—and this is one of the most interesting parts of his scheme—he suggests that these perch platforms could be mounted on special floats and could be used on the River Thames to provide airway terminal communications for London.

Mr. Brie, you may remember, did the Post Office roof mail-dropping experiments at Mount Pleasant, and he found that the air conditions in that district were anything but pleasant. There are too many obstructions and too many bumps to make roof-flying safe, in his opinion. But if autogiros were used to connect central London with the border

aerodromes, they could approach up the Thames and land on and take off from the floating-perch platforms with safety. The platforms could be dotted along the Thames at the rate of one a mile. This is a bold idea, and as Mr. Brie has offered to work an experimental service for the Air Ministry, I shall hope to see something come of it. The problem of getting airway mails and passengers into central London and out of it again without using trains or road vehicles is a pressing one. It will have to be tackled one day; and Mr. Brie's invention offers an opportunity to start tackling it.

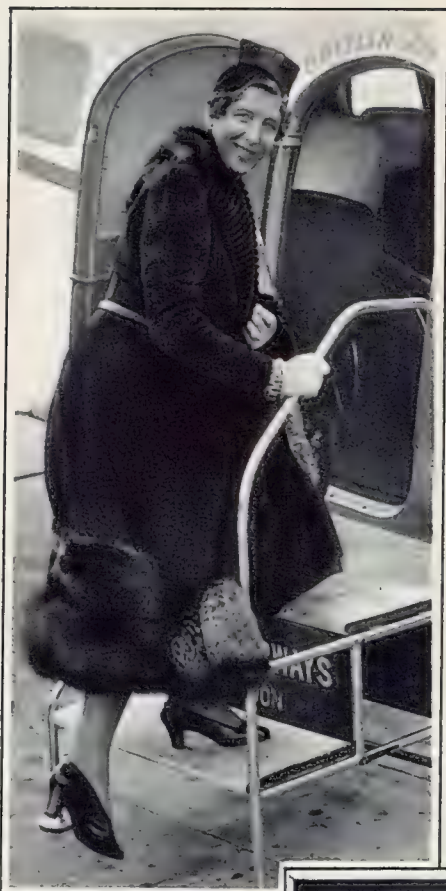
## Bridgman's Books.

**M**r. Leonard Bridgman is one of those rare people who can

make a picture of an aeroplane, yet maintain accuracy of technical detail. He is a mine of information about aircraft from the early days until now, and can tell you—triumph of observation and memory—where all the wires of a Maurice Farman Longhorn used to go!

His new publication, "Aircraft of the British Empire" for 1937, gives details of 95 aircraft and illustrates them with 83 photographs and 75 general arrangement drawings. Beside each illustration there is an abridgment of the performance figures and structural measurements. I can recommend the work to all those who like to follow the trend of aircraft development over here and to have by them a quick and trustworthy reference.

(Continued on page xxx)



FLYING TO PARIS:  
LADY LONDONDERRY

The family of the former Minister for Air are nothing if not air-minded. Lady Londonderry is seen at Croydon about to leave for Paris on a recent visit. The elder of the two daughters of the late Lord Chaplin, she married the then Viscount Castlereagh in 1899

sheets, "the Abridged Nautical Almanac has catered for the requirements of the navigator wishing to determine his position by means of the observation of celestial bodies. The surface navigator, working to an accuracy of 0.1 or 0.2, can afford to spend the small time taken by the interpolations and conversions required in the use of the Abridged Nautical Almanac, but the air navigator, working in poor conditions in a fast-moving aircraft and to only one-tenth of the accuracy obtained with a marine pattern sextant, requires his astronomical data directly in the form in which he wishes to use it. Moreover, the necessary interpolations must be simple, reference to other pages must be reduced to a minimum, and yet the information must be given in a light, compact and easily readable form."

All this, I can say, the new Air Almanac does. It is, in fact, a most valuable work and one for which there is an increasing need. For although radio navigation is bound to play an important part in aircraft work in the future, all the big, long-distance machines will certainly carry means for self-contained navigation. No one in his senses would trust a forty-ton flying-boat to radio equipment alone. There must be an alternative method of navigating independently

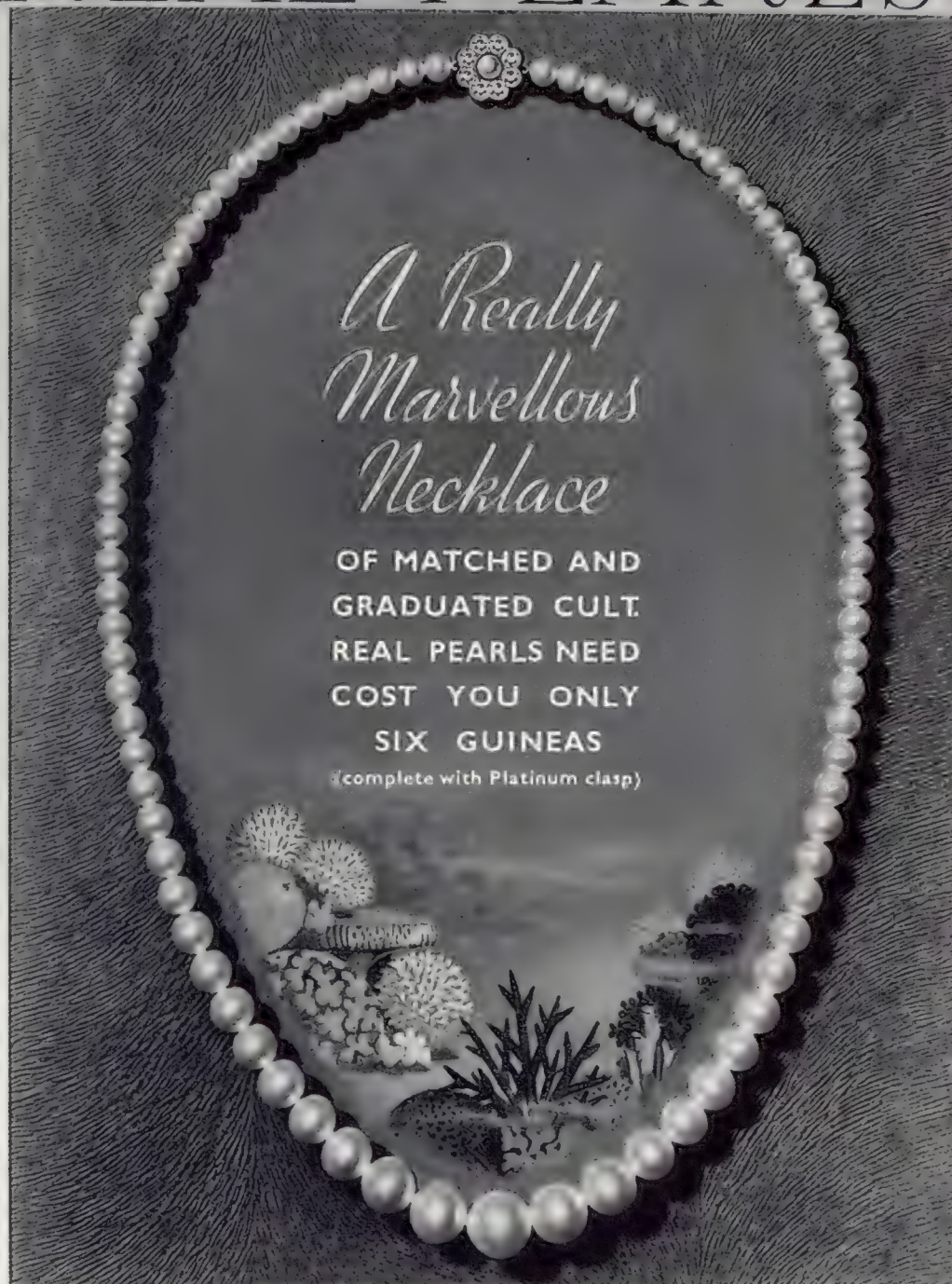


THE BLUE BONNETS ARE SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET OVER THE BORDER!  
LORD CLYDESDALE, HIS FIANCÉE, AND LORD AND LADY MALCOLM DOUGLAS-HAMILTON

Lord Clydesdale, whose engagement to Lady Elizabeth Percy was recently announced, is seen here with his fiancée and his brother, Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton and his wife. They were at Dunvael Lodge, Strathaven, and behind them may be seen the modern vehicle for making forays across the Border. The wedding is on Dec. 2 in Edinburgh



# REAL PEARLS



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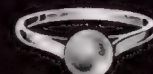
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CAMBRIDGE v. OLD LEYSIANS:  
THE CAMBRIDGE XV.

Cambridge were altogether too good for the Old Leysians, defeating them by no less than 36-0. The Cambridge XV. are: Standing—J. Parsons, E. D. E. Reed, E. L. A. Folker, R. B. Bruce-Lockhart, J. M. Hunter, H. S. Gillies. Seated: K. D. Downes, T. R. Parry, J. G. S. Forrest, W. O. Chadwick (capt.), W. B. Young, F. M. N. Heath, J. A. Macdonald. On ground—F. A. Way and H. D. Jerwood

DEAR TATLER—

WITH the return of the Universities, the season may be considered to be in full swing. They have lost little time in getting to work and, indeed, there is little to spare. The short University term does not give too many opportunities for the captains to make their final selections, and the time must surely come when the Varsity match will not be played in the Christmas term at all, but somewhere about the latter part of February. It has been the fashion for many years to start building-up the sides for the great match of the season at the beginning of the Lent term, with the result that those players who are still in residence, but who will be going down at the end of the summer term, are not called upon. The result of this policy is that, whereas up to Christmas the Universities are welcomed everywhere, no one is particularly anxious to see them in their secondary state.

One objection to the suggestion of moving the match into February is that the international games may be interfered with, but this is seldom likely to be a serious matter, though admittedly this was not the case last year, which was quite exceptional. The December date is merely a relic of the olden time, when the season closed at Christmas, and as far as the Universities are concerned, it practically does so still. Opinions must vary also as to the actual value of these pseudo-trials, though of course one does hear curious stories now and then about the teams being largely made up on the basis of "all good friends and jolly good company." Furthermore, a date towards the end of February would, so far as the weather is concerned, be far preferable to the sullen gloom of mid-December. The misery of last Varsity match-day must be fresh in everyone's mind.

Next Saturday, both the Universities will, of course, be in action. The Dark Blues are paying their first visit to London, and the London Scottish may be sure of a large attendance at the Richmond Athletic Ground. The Scottish have not been doing too well lately, but they always put up a good fight against the Varsities, and the Oxford forwards may be certain that they will be thoroughly tested. An

## A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

additional attraction will be Prince Obolensky, if he turns out, as is hoped. It will be remembered that he was unable to take his place in the side last season. Cambridge, on the other hand, are at home this week to Richmond, and they, too, can look forward to a bustling match. Richmond's main strength is in the forwards, and the robust W. B. Young will have full scope for his energies.

Richmond's recent success over Swansea came as a pleasant surprise to the supporters of the Metropolitan club, more especially as they are not in the habit of beating Welsh sides, and it was, indeed, their first success



THE OLD LEYSIANS, DEFEATED BY CAMBRIDGE

The Old Leysian defence was left standing by the Cambridge attack, even though Downes was eliminated by a collision. The Cambridge score was made up of 6 goals and 2 tries. The Old Leysian side are: Standing—B. T. Smailes, K. W. Oldham, B. W. Holman, G. H. Gould, B. N. Holloway, A. Todrick. Seated: A. Lumsden, J. S. Moore, H. K. Roseveare, J. M. Lee (capt.), J. A. Endacott, R. H. Plant, E. L. Morris. On ground—F. H. Masina and V. H. Holloway

of the season. It must be remembered that Swansea are below standard, and, like other prominent Welsh organisations, are finding it difficult to keep up the supply of promising young players. They are having rather a depressing time, and it was curious to see both W. H. T. Davies and H. Tanner in the three-quarter line instead of at half-back, where they made so great a name for themselves. Swansea, however, have retained one of the experts in the person of E. Long, who is fast and clever, and appears to interpret the off-side rule to his own satisfaction, and, strangely enough, also to the referee's.

Richmond deserved their victory, for both their tries were really brilliant efforts. W. G. S. Johnston, a great three-quarter, and one of the most popular members of the side, was responsible for one of them, after a run in which he beat several opponents, whilst the other was an example of intensive backing-up. E. A. Styles, with one of his characteristic dashes, began the movement, passed to D. E. Teden, who ran some distance before feeding E. R. M. Bowerman, and finally R. G. P. Almond scored. Teden, who interested the selectors last year and may well do so again, played another fine game, while Almond must be well in the running for a Blue at Oxford, in which case Richmond will lose his services. The dashing work done by Johnston and W. A. H. Chapman makes it all the more regrettable that the Richmond centres cannot make more opportunities for them, and one cannot

(Continued on page xxii)



amateur theatricals  
and  
you  
are  
the  
very amateur announcer . . .



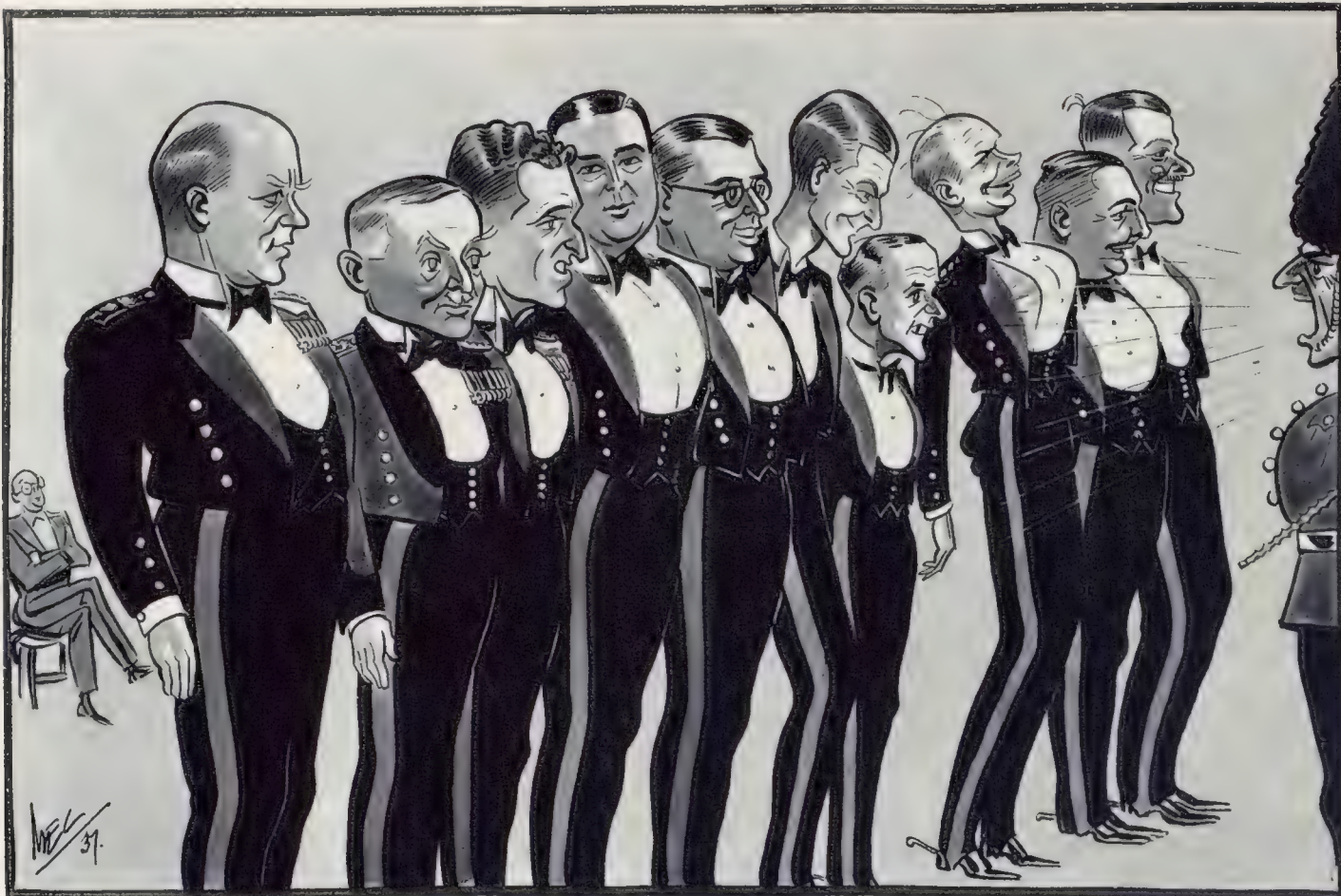
have you ever noticed  
how  
a cigarette  
will give you  
that  
much needed  
feeling  
of  
self-confidence . . .



so essential  
to  
really  
animated announcements  
and  
truly  
witty witticisms ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.





O'GRADY SAYS: "'SHUN!'"

At a guest night in Leeds of the 69th (West Riding) Field Brigade, Royal Artillery, "Mel" got a chance of caricaturing some of the officers of this unit at the Fenton Street Barracks, and above is the result. The names (reading l. to r.) are: Lt.-Col. F. W. B. Maufe, M.C., T.D., Colonel R. M. N. Forbes, M.C. (C.R.A., the chief guest), Major J. S. Chalton, Major B. Armitage, Major G. L. Kitson, Captain J. D. S. Bain, Captain G. F. Bagshawe, Lt. H. D. McCarthy, Captain and Adjutant H. T. Johnson, R.A., Lt. R. Hudson, Mess Secretary, and Major F. H. Plummer, M.C., D.C.M., as "Sergeant O'Grady"

### Driving Touch.

**I**F, like the obnoxious small boy, you go round the Earl's Court Motor Exhibition repeating the word "why?" at every stand you come to, you will either find yourself in an ambulance as the result of the reactions of an already overwrought salesman, or else you will reach what I believe to be the axial question of modern motoring, the question which every manufacturer ought to try and answer before he embarks upon a new model. It is this: "Is my new motor-car intended to be active or passive; is it intended to respond in an individual manner to the actions of the driver, or is it intended to be utterly unobtrusive?" The world is divided as to the right answer; but on the whole America turns out the passive motor-car and England turns out the active one. Certainly the motor-cars of France, Italy, and Germany are active. When the driver handles them he is conscious of a certain particular kind of response which may or may not meet his mood. But when the driver handles an American motor-car he is only conscious that it is American. It does not bring to his notice any special idiosyncrasy; it unobtrusively obeys.

Now, there is room for both kinds of car; but it is a mistake to imagine that any car can combine both types. When you are building a car, or when you are choosing a car for your personal use, you ought to set out first of all to decide whether you want a machine with a

## PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER



Cumming

### HOW WEYMOUTH WELCOMED THE 2nd BATTN. THE LINCOLNS

The smallest soldier in the 2nd Lincolns, Drummer Robert Claricoates, was the proudest "man" on parade when he handed a wreath of Flanders poppies to his 6-ft. C.O., Lieut.-Col. P. H. Hansen, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., who then placed it at the foot of the Weymouth Cenotaph

personality or without one; whether you want a partner or a servant. There is no doubt that the greatest joys of driving can only be tasted when the machine plays an active part. Igor Stravinsky, in his "*Chroniques de ma Vie*," speaks of the way the fingers of a pianist help to inspire him, and emphasises the importance of the actual finger movements and contacts. Similarly the hands and feet of the driver of a car capable of adequate response inspire and exhilarate. Everyone who has driven much knows moments when the response of the car brings with it a genuine thrill. You cannot quite get that thrill with the car which is first and last an unobtrusive servant—even though a perfect one.

### Contrasts.

**I**t is the old story of contrasts. I look back over the cars I have owned, and the car I remember best, the car which still holds first place in my affections, was a Bugatti, which gave me trouble of some kind every other time I took it out. It drove me almost crazy with its vagaries. It deafened me with its famous "singing" third. It boiled in traffic and froze on the open road. But occasionally, just here and there at unexpected moments, for no particular reason, it ran with a thoroughbred sweetness and brilliance which completely captivated me. It was worth going through a lot of trouble to attain one of those supreme motoring moments, when motion was allied to emotion and transport to transports. (Continued on page xxx)



# This England . . .

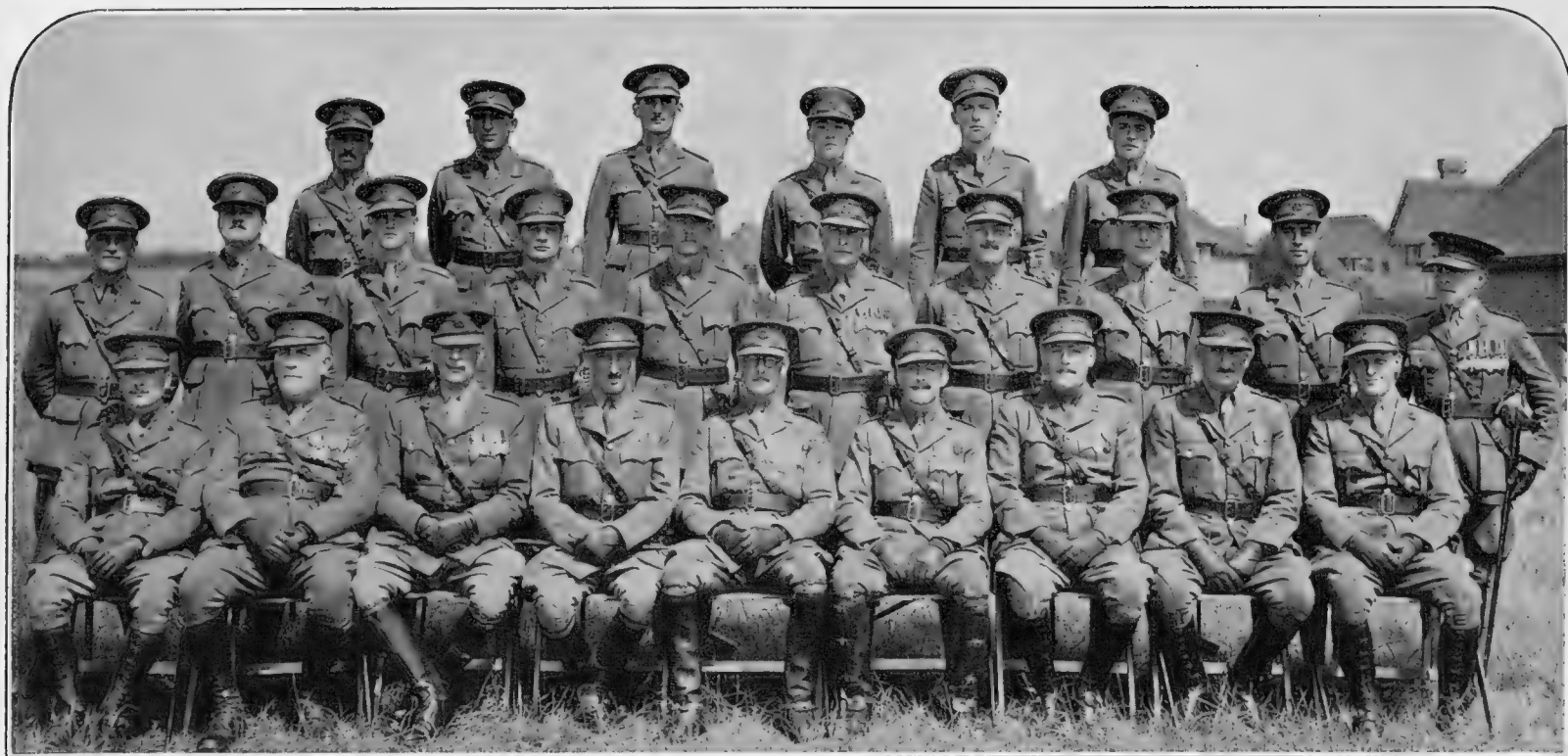


*Salisbury Plain, in the hollow, Longstock*



WHEN we hear men that are wise in these matters speak of the rotation of crops, we may not know exactly what this is, but we realize that it is some kind of plan for keeping the land in good heart. (And with it goes another four-year cycle—crop, stock, manure, soil—that we, too, may be kept in good heart.) Slow, but no true maturity was ever attained without a “fullness of time.” So when men, in the making of things, do borrow (as their fathers taught) some of nature’s own unhurried ways, the outcome is an enrichment of us all. An everyday example? . . . the ancient craft of the brew-house and its mellow heir, your Worthington.





LT.-GENERAL G. W. HOWARD AND OFFICERS, THE 4th BN. ESSEX REGIMENT

*Gale & Polden, Ltd*

An interesting group taken at Seaford on the occasion of the visit of Lt.-General Geoffrey Weston Howard, C.B., C.M.G., who has been Colonel of the Essex Regiment since 1935 and had the 5th Division from 1934 to 1937

The names in the above group, left to right, are :—Back row—2nd/Lt. J. A. Welply, 2nd/Lt. D. S. Farr, Lt. T. L. W. Lewsey, 2nd/Lt. G. L. Dickinson, 2nd/Lt. P. Halfhide, Lt. G. A. Eden; Middle row—Lt. J. F. B. Fadden, 2nd/Lt. P. L. G. Williams, 2nd/Lt. V. G. Houchin, 2nd/Lt. G. E. Smith, 2nd/Lt. I. D. J. Stevenson-Hamilton, Captain H. E. Heard, Lt. D. J. M. Smith, 2nd/Lt. A. G. Fowler, 2nd/Lt. L. W. A. Chappell, Captain (and Q.M.) L. Hardy; Seated—Captain E. J. Sheldrake, Lt.-Colonel A. J. Gibson, R.A.M.C., Major Lord Edward Hay, Lt.-General G. W. Howard (Colonel of the Essex Regiment), Lt.-Colonel G. M. Gibson (Commanding), Captain H. J. Laverty (Adjutant), Major R. M. Doyle, Captain A. C. Newman, Captain A. Noble

Little of India's legendary mysticism compares with the magic of its transformation from the India of old, of ox-cart and "Plain Tales," to a land of lovely and inviting modernity.

Oriental inspiration and European workmanship have studded India with magnificent up-to-date cities. Delhi, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras—these are the modern heiresses of India's traditional beauty but with something of grandeur and simplicity that the old India lacked. Here are luxuriously appointed hotels and clubs that vie with Europe's best in comfort

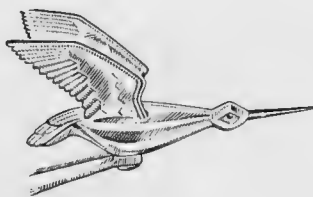
and cuisine. Here are dancing and music, social and sporting activities, in a new and more colourful setting—a life as full as any in Europe yet ready to surprise you by its exceedingly moderate cost.

And whether, as so many business men are doing, you are combining business with pleasure by exploring India's rich, expanding markets or just idling in wonderment from scene to scene, the thoughtful comforts and luxurious sleeping-berths of India's magnificent railways will put a new interpretation on the meaning of travel.

# see India

INDIAN RAILWAYS BUREAU, 57 HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1  
TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 1171





*Setting the pace in performance—  
Leading the World in value*

# A NEW HUMBER SNIPE £345

20·9 H.P.; £15.15s TAX; WITH "EVENKEEL" SUSPENSION

## AND A NEW 'SIXTEEN' £330

16·9 H.P.; £12.15s TAX; WITH "EVENKEEL" SUSPENSION

\*

## A NEW SNIPE IMPERIAL £495

26·8 H.P.; £20.5s TAX; SIX BODY STYLES

\*

## A NEW PULLMAN £735

26·8 H.P.; £20.5s TAX; FIVE BODY STYLES

ON ALL MODELS, "TRIPLEX GLASS" THROUGHOUT.

This is perhaps the most important announcement Humber have ever made. Whilst world prices rise, Humber present a range of cars built to the high standards of quality always associated with the name, at prices made possible only by Humber's great resources as Britain's largest builders of high-class cars. The complete range of models is described in a Brochure which will gladly be sent on request.



# HUMBER

HUMBER LTD., COVENTRY: LONDON SHOWROOMS & EXPORT  
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SEE THEM ON STAND No. 81  
EARL'S COURT MOTOR SHOW

**HUMBER MOTORING IS COMFORT MOTORING...in a really fast car!**

BRITISH CARS  
ARE BETTER BUILT  
AND LAST LONGER

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EUROPE and NEAR EAST - Rootes Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, W.I.  
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SOUTH AMERICA: Rootes, Argentina, S.A., Calle Juan Fco. Segui 3775, Buenos Aires. INDIA

and CEYLON: H. H. Lilley, 72, Park Street, Calcutta. SOUTH AFRICA: E. C. Griffiths, P.O. Box 1374, Shell House, c/r Rissik and Main Streets, Johannesburg. BURMA, BRITISH MALAYA, DUTCH EAST INDIES, AND THE FAR EAST: C. H. Hordern, P.O. Box 255, Singapore.



## JUMP RACING



MR. G. S. WOOD ON "SAMMY,"  
A WINNER



MR. FRANCIS AND  
LADY BERYL GROVES

## AT UTTOXETER



MRS. R. MITCHELL AND  
HER WINNER, "CRAIGENDORAN"

Photos: Howard Barrett

The only complaint at Uttoxeter, as at all other jumping meetings at the moment, was that it was as hard underfoot as the high road. Otherwise everyone had a good time. Mr. Wood steered Mrs. C. Heber Percy's "Sammy" to victory in the Shrewsbury Novices' 'Chase', and the other winner shown above was a first effort, as Mrs. Mitchell's colours had never before been first past the post. The fair owner—a recent bride—is the former Miss Laura Wild, and her husband trains at Bretby, near Burton-on-Trent. Lady Beryl Groves, who is a sister of Lord Clancarty, breeds and trains her own 'chasers, and until her husband got so badly ironed out in a fall he used to ride a lot



BOWLER HAT—LIGHT & SMOOTH FINISH  
30/-



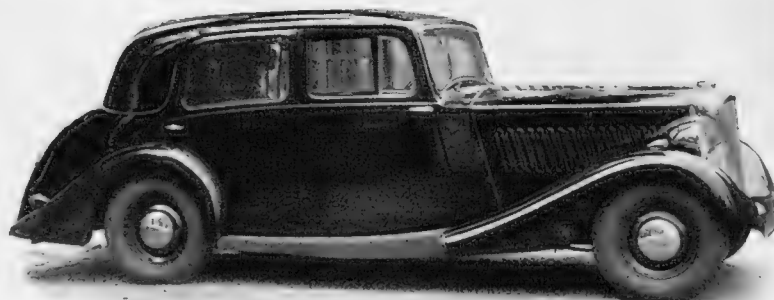
BLACK SOFT FELT HAT  
30/-

**Gieves**  
LIMITED

21, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1  
Telephone: Regent 6411. Telegrams: "Muftis, Piccy, London."

EDINBURGH, WEYMOUTH, CHATHAM, SOUTHSEA, MALTA, LIVERPOOL  
PORTSMOUTH, PLYMOUTH, SOUTHAMPTON, GIBRALTAR.

## RAILTON



SIX CYLINDER 16 H.P. SALOON—£399

This new model for 1938 gives the same body space as the straight eight, combined with the excellent appearance, road holding, silence and reliability which are synonymous with the name Railton. The tax is only £12 15s., which, with the smooth performance now so well known, makes a very remarkable and economical car.

RAILTON CARS : FAIRMILE : COBHAM : SURREY

TELEPHONE : COBHAM 400 & 401





*Valle Crucis Abbey, Llangollen. A Cistercian foundation of A.D. 1200. The 13th and 14th century buildings are still splendid in ruin. Approach on Llangollen-Ruthin road, the Abbey lies at the foot of the famous Horse Shoe Pass.*

*Route from London—St. Albans, Dunstable, Stoney Stratford, Towcester, Atherstone, Gailey, Wellington, Shrewsbury, Llangollen (main London-Holyhead Road). 187 miles.*

**SPECIALS . . .** Some makes of car announce 'special' models—for which a higher price is asked. If you will carefully compare their performance and specification with the perfectly standard M.G. you will make an interesting discovery. On every point the M.G. competes more than favourably with these 'specials'—but doesn't cost as much.



SAFETY FAST!

*"British cars are better built — British cars last longer"*

M.G. Midget Series T £222 • M.G. 1½-Litre from £280 • M.G. Two-Litre from £389 • Prices ex works. Dunlop, Triplex

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED • ABINGDON-ON-THAMES • BERKSHIRE

SOLE EXPORTERS—M.I.E. LTD • COWLEY • OXFORD • ENGLAND



# The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

THIS winter will see new fashion trends, simple and graceful silhouettes and draperies that mould the figure. Vivid touches of colour are introduced on black frocks; they take the form of flowers and embroideries, and when muffs are carried in the evening (really they are vanity bags) a large flower conceals the front. These notes are present in the model gowns which are assembled in the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. Among them is the veritable triumph of the dress-maker's art seen on this page. It is carried out in snow-white satin strewn with black lacquered motifs. The belt, cleverly shaped to flatter the figure, is entirely composed of sparkling sequins and beads; the back is cut in a "V," and there is a slight train. Surely no better foil for this lovely affair could be found than the black velvet coat enriched with white fox which is seen in conjunction with it. Another much-to-be-desired evening dress is carried out in rowan red velvet; the corsage is arranged with the aid of tucks to emphasise the higher waist-line and to slenderise it. A new gold lamé with a basket weave makes a distinctive frock cut on sculptured lines, giving height to the wearer

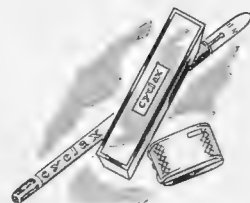
Picture by Blake





# The new 'natural' make-up and how to do it

Use eye cosmetics sparingly



Your powder base is "milk" of roses



Your powder should be a creamy tone



Your lipstick - the new Cyclax "brilliant"



If you follow the modern vogue of 'natural' loveliness, you will choose Milk of Roses for your powder base. This emollient lotion improves the quality of the skin, and prevents dryness, and it holds your powder lightly and naturally for many hours. It is really no exaggeration to say that it is impossible to acquire the 'natural' effect that is the fashion to-day without Milk of Roses. Nothing that even approaches artificiality is permissible and this very new trend makes it more important than ever to have a flawless skin.

*Every skin needs Special Lotion regularly to keep it clear and free from impurities, and for washing during the day, Cyclax Cleansing Lotion is essential. Dry skins cannot have too much special 'O' Skin Food overnight, and a dry skin condition can be avoided altogether by those who follow the Cyclax system of skin care. Mascara 4/-; Eye-lid Cream 4/6; Eyebrow Pencil 1/-; Milk of Roses 4/6, 8/6; Powder 3/6, 6/6; Lipstick 4/6.*

## CYCLAX

• All the best shops throughout the Empire sell Cyclax and advise on the treatment.

58 SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.1. MAYFAIR 0054

• 7 EAST 53rd STREET, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.





# WINTER TIME SIGNALS

EVERY woman is thinking in terms of fur at the moment and seriously debating whether she shall invest in a luxurious fur wrap or coat; in either case she must visit the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. Assembled there is a unique collection of silver fox wraps, the skins cleverly arranged to slim the figure of the wearer. There are signs on the horizon that this fur will have to look to its laurels, as cross-fox is coming into favour. The very best skins are expensive, but the high lights are flattering to the blonde and brunette. Here are to be seen some beautiful stoles; those of Arctic white fox, dyed or natural blue fox are on a plane apart

THE handsome fur coats portrayed on this page may be seen at Harvey Nichols'. The one above is of "feather lite" natural beaver and is beautifully shaded; among its many advantages is that it wears remarkably well. Very smart is the jaguar coat on the right, introducing the latest version of the swagger. The price is particularly pleasant, as it is only thirty-nine guineas. Many of the Persian lamb coats are decidedly youthful; they are dyed chestnut brown and are slightly waisted. Touches of individuality are introduced in the collars. The black Persian lamb coats are for the older woman; they are well tailored and closely curled

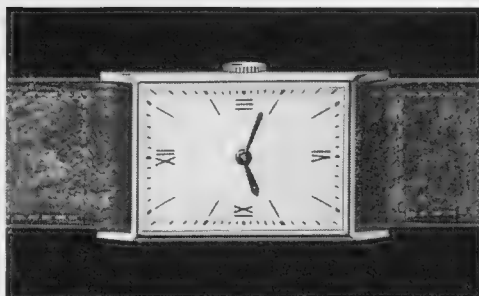
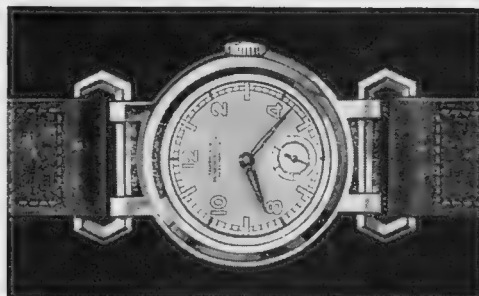
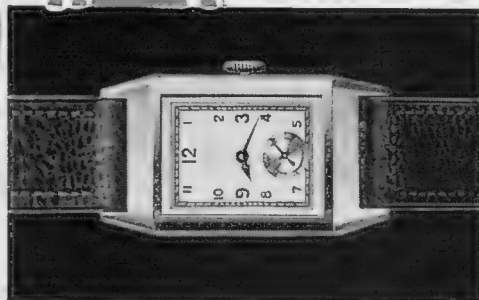






BY APPOINTMENT

# FINER WATCHES FOR MEN



Obviously when you choose a watch you ask yourself "Does this watch please my eye, and will it continue to please me?" and "Will it keep accurate time?"

*You*, of course, can judge the appearance. But when you come to general workmanship, and still more to timekeeping, there are two courses open to you.

If you can afford to gamble, you can leave time itself to decide the watch's true worth. Or you can rely on the good name of the firm with which you deal.

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company has a name second to none in this country. And they have a range of watches so wide that you can be practically certain of finding what you, personally, are looking for, however unusual. *Every one of these watches is unconditionally guaranteed for two years.*

If you cannot call, remember that every day The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company are sending their illustrated catalogues to every part of England — and beyond.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

*The prices of watches illustrated are as follow:*

Top: 9-ct. Gold £7.10.0. 18-ct. Gold £10.10.0

Centre: Stainless Steel - - - - £5.10.0

Bottom: Hand-made Geneva movement

18-ct. Gold case - - - - £45.0.0

Left: Dress Watch with hand-made Geneva movement, 18-ct. Gold case - £60.0.0

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**THE GOLDSMITHS &  
SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD**  
112 REGENT ST. LONDON W.1

AT THE CORNER OF GLASSHOUSE STREET • NO OTHER ADDRESS



# They Dance by Night

COLD LAMÉ AND PLAID SILK  
IN DRESSES OF DISTINCTION



THE ultimate note in fashion at pleasantly moderate prices may always be seen at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly. The Stock Size Department is in gala attire, anticipating the needs of women who will be dancing and dining during the ensuing months. Simplicity is a very important feature, as it is flattering and helpful to all figures. The attractive taffeta dress on the left, in which decorative shades of black, green and pink are present, is priced at six and a half guineas. There is a velvet bow and belt, with neatly pleated frills at the neckline and hem of the skirt. The movements of the wearer are never handicapped, as the train is cleverly inserted. The material is crease-resisting, so this little frock is very easy to pack

AN evening frock of a totally different character is seen above, and although it comes from the Stock Size Department of Swan and Edgar, it is really destined for the rather older woman, on whom it has a decidedly slimming effect. It is carried out in a new gold lamé with a basket weave; the draped corsage introduces a novel arrangement. The sash and scarf (the latter may be arranged in a variety of ways) are of true emerald green marocain, and the price is thirteen and a half guineas. The dress may be completely altered when the accessories are changed. There are lace dresses and coatees with belts of velvet for 80s., while those of crêpe satin enriched with flowers are 70s. Here may likewise be seen travel coats, llama-lined throughout, for 60s.

Pictures by Blake





Préface

FOR EVERY SHINING HOUR!

*The dance, the play, the party . . . . . preface them all with*

*'Préface' — Pinard's new, distinguished, stirring perfume.*

P I N A U D

P A R I S

L O N D O N

N E W Y O R K



# SHINING GLORY

Art that goes  
to the head



VASCO (16, Dover Street) is responsible for the dressing of the hair seen on this page; some of the coiffures represent the 1937-38 high effect especially adapted for evening wear. The hair is short and permanently curled with his inimitable steam point winding invention



VASCO'S steam point winding enables a woman to brush her hair without disarranging the actual form as the tresses are perfectly "permed" and scientifically cut to "stay put." Mr. Vasco is a true artist in all matters relating to hairdressing and creates many individual styles



A WONDERFUL adaptation of Queen Victoria's period is seen at the top of the page on the left. Opposite on the right is the modish style which falls over the forehead; then at the base of the page on the left is the decidedly flattering all-roll effect

TWO views are given of the coiffure in the centre, the back view appearing at the base of the page on the right. Supreme artistry coupled with simplicity are the characteristic features of these coiffures. It must not be overlooked that they are easily manipulated







*Isobel*

CREATOR OF THE FINEST FURS IN LONDON

70, GROSVENOR ST., W.1  
AND AT HARROGATE  
(Only Addresses)





Hay Wrightson

THE HON. ANTOINETTE PRESTON

The only daughter of the late Viscount Gormanston and of Viscountess Gormanston, who is engaged to Mr. Peter Lunn, elder son of Mr. and Lady Mabel Lunn, of Suttoncroft, Bickley, Kent

only surviving son of Dr. W. L. J. and Mrs. French, of Marnhull, Dorset, and Daphne Marion, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Moffat, of Buenos Aires.

## Recent Engagements.

Captain H. L. Isacke, R.E., elder son of Major-General and Mrs. H. Isacke, of Polhampton, Overton, Hants, and Anne, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. T. B. Boothby, of Oakwood Court, W.14; Mr. A. D. D. Tree, Royal Artillery, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Tree, of The Mill House, Wraybury, and Penelope Mary, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Illingworth, of Bramley, Hants, and Seaview, Isle of Wight; Mr. M. Brandenstein, younger son of Herr Ludwig and Frau Brandenstein, of Munich, and Signe Evelyn Gully, eldest daughter of the late Viscount Selby and the

## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

## Marrying this Week.

Captain Pryce Henry Peacock, R.A.M.C., only son of the late Dr. Pryce Peacock, Royal Irish Constabulary, and the late Mrs. Peacock, will marry Aline Elizabeth, younger daughter of the late Mr. Edward White and Mrs. White, of Dublin, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, on the 22nd of this month.

## A Buenos Aires Engagement.

The marriage will take place shortly in Buenos Aires between Mr. C. W. French,



MISS B. M. HOMAN

Anthony

Whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. E. A. A. Shackleton, younger son of the late Sir Ernest Shackleton, C.V.O., O.B.E., LL.D., and the late Lady Shackleton. Miss Homan is the elder daughter of the late Captain C. E. Homan, Elder Brother of Trinity House, and Mrs Homan, of Burley, Hampshire

Dowager Viscountess Selby, Court Royal, Tunbridge Wells; Mr. C. H. Thomas, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. D. Thomas, of Southwick House, Kirkcudbrightshire, and Joan Mary, only daughter of Major-General G. M. Lindsay, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Lindsay, of Stanhope Gate, W.1; Mr. J. Nevill, Life

Guards, elder son of Major and Mrs. Guy Larnach-Nevill, of Uckfield House, Sussex, and Patricia, daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. J. F. Harrison, of King's

Walden, Bury, Hitchin; Captain J. S. Garrett, M.B.E., 8th Punjab Regiment, son of Mr. A. Garrett and the late Mrs. Garrett, of Kenilworth, Aldeburgh, Suffolk, and Angela Clare, daughter of Colonel C. McG. Withers, C.B., and stepdaughter of Mrs. Withers, of Manydown, Fleet, Hants; Mr. E. R. Roney, younger son of Sir Ernest and Lady Roney, of Wimbleton, and Muriel, elder daughter of the late W. H. Barham and Mrs. Barham, of Salesmere, Tunbridge Wells; Mr. A. W. Lyall, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Lyall, of Cheshire, and Jean Stephenson, only daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Fildes, Macclesfield, Cheshire; Mr. D. H. Burke, R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. D. Burke, and Elizabeth, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Rankine, of Edinburgh.



Hay Wrightson

MISS EVE HALL

Who is marrying Mr. C. D. H. Todd at Madras in November. Miss Hall is the daughter of the late Major Geoffrey Hall, 16th Lancers, and of Mrs. Hall, of Egerton Gardens, S.W., and Mr. Todd is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Todd, of Cheshire. Miss Hall is now on her way to India

## IMPORTANT!

## TO EVERY WOMAN OVER THIRTY

How wonderful to look each day into your mirror and see the years dropping away from your face—to watch the wrinkles vanish, the flabby muscles become firm, the crepy skin grown smooth! Innox have made this possible, for Dr. Debat, the world-famous skin specialist, has prepared a cream that attacks the actual cause of ageing skin, the slowing-up of glandular processes due to advancing age, excessive fatigue and worry, or ill-health.

VITORMONE CREAM is something entirely new—a genuine rejuvenator. Rich in the hormones necessary for the preservation of a

youthful complexion, it does not merely doctor the surface of the skin, but is absorbed by the skin into the underlying muscles and tissues, stimulating the cells to continue their normal activity, by which they are continually renewed. This activity ensures youth. VITORMONE CREAM keeps age at bay.

PRICE 15/- OBTAINABLE AT ALL HIGH-CLASS ESTABLISHMENTS OR DIRECT FROM

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# GARRARDS

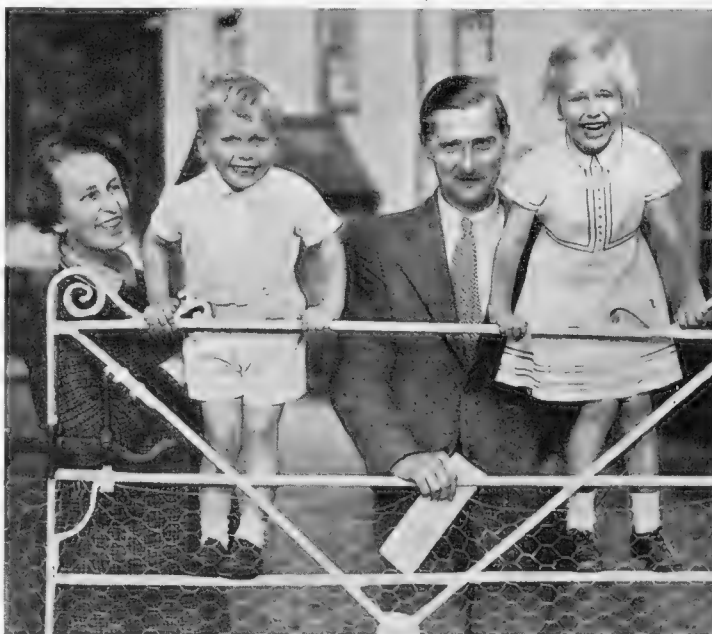
*By Special Appointment  
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## Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 127

and the first signs of it are the sufferer permitting a groom or other well-meaning person who is on foot to do it for him. Not only does this give the rider the feeling that his leg is being put out at the hip, but is also rather futile and, perhaps, coupled with peril, for I have heard a request made to "take your foot out a moment, sir!" This is simply taking an unnecessary hazard. What is the matter with keeping the foot in the iron and using it as an extra hand? The operation is possible going at any pace, even at what some people call "the gallop." The advantage is that you have always the end of the leather to hold on to. It is as good as the thing the Australians aptly call the Monkey Strap, which is affixed to almost all buck-jumping saddles and comes in quite handy on occasion. Buck-jumping riders are very good judges in these matters, and so you can be quite safe in following any little hints they may throw out.

\* \* \*

Other indications that the heart of the horseman or rider could be projected to the other side of an obstacle through a pea-shooter is the rooted conviction that all the horses he may ride are going to fall down with him, even on the flat, and that no horse is capable of jumping anything higher than the seat of a chair. This is an acute form of the malady which even alcohol will not alleviate. Alcohol, in spite of all that they say about its being "jumping powder," will not cure; in fact, it may even be a toxin. There was one man I knew who tried it as a cure. He got a bad bumper through acquiring that nervous twitch of which, unhappily,



SIR JOHN AND THE HON. LADY BARLOW AND FAMILY

The family looking at us over the garden at Sir John Barlow's seat, Bradwall, Cheshire, are John and Jennifer, and very pleased with life they seem. Lady Barlow is Lord and Lady Rochdale's only daughter

we see so much. The consequence was that ever afterwards when he walked abroad he had to dip the end of his umbrella, or stick, in every puddle and then put it in his mouth and suck it. There is another hero who always takes his second horseman or groom with him, and the duties of this person are to get off and pull out any binders till the obstacle is little more than fetlock high. Anything with a ditch, either one side or the other, is the cease-fire. Remedies are, of course, the province of the doctor, but a humble suggestion from someone who is not a doctor, in spite of being over forty, is

either (a) to chuck it, or (b) go to Ireland for a bit and have a cut at the Dublin side of the Meath country. That, I feel, would eliminate any phobia of any English ditch. Irish banks are also very curative, the only necessary precaution being to ride an Irish horse, preferably a five-year-old with plenty of courage and a liking for being close up to the dogs. The patient will return from that land quite unable to see any English ditch. It may be a bit elementary, but perhaps it ought to be mentioned just the same that the higher the hands the higher the obstacle. What I mean is this, that for every inch the practitioner raises his hands, the height of the fence will increase at least two inches. If the hands are under the chin the fence will be higher than the hat. The converse, of course, is equally true. That is to say, the height of the obstacle will disappear. This applies no matter what the pace may be. Pace, as a matter of fact, does not matter at all provided neither of you is unbalanced. If this sounds cryptic spend some spare moments balancing a stick in the palm of your hand, or standing on one leg whilst you remove the sock,

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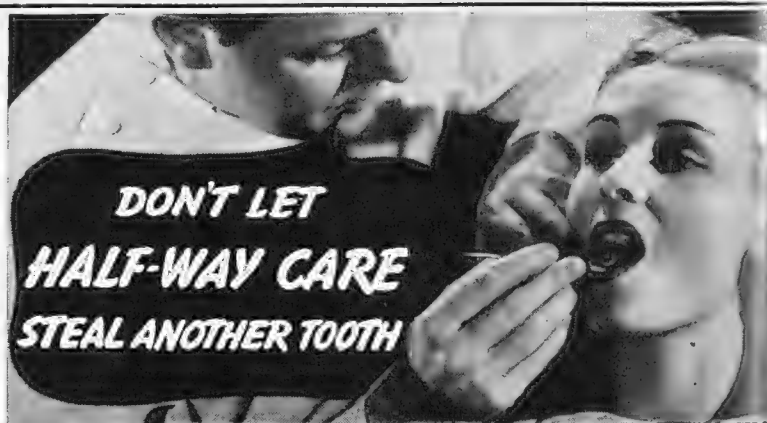
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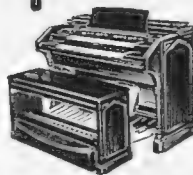
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## LADIES' KENNEL

At every big show one sees fresh breeds. I often wonder if these dogs brought from a long distance really are pure breeds, and how far remote and wild people stick to "breeds." Certainly in England this breeding to type is comparatively new. A hundred years ago breeds were not so marked, except in the case of hounds and possibly Spaniels. Getting about was difficult, so each district had its own breed. I have seen a print of so-called "Scottish Terriers" published about 1820, none of which could be recognised now. Sporting pictures of the same date often have Terriers which would not pass now. This matter of new breeds makes one think how anyone motoring through a village here might pick up a casual couple of dogs, and then take them to a far-off country as a "new breed," with just as much justification probably.

The Bull Terrier is a most popular companion; he is a good guard as well, and a hardy dog, no trouble to keep. Miss Graham Weall has Bull Terriers among her large family, which includes Pugs and Poodles, in all of which breeds she has done well. She sends a photograph of a couple of brindle puppies which are for sale; they are both dogs, five months old, and for sale at quite reasonable prices. She also has some white ones for sale, one or two quite cheap to good homes before

the winter sets in. Coloured Bull Terriers are rather popular now; at one time they were not so full of quality as the white ones, but this has changed and there is little to choose between them. A good-coloured Bull Terrier is a smart dog and has the advantage of not leaving white hairs about.



COLOURED BULL TERRIER PUPPIES

The property of Miss Graham Weall

Barr has Dachshunds in her kennel as well as Wolfhounds. She sends a picture of one of her stud dogs. There are puppies and adults for sale at present, which can be seen by appointment.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



DACHSHUND

The property of Mrs. Barr

## ASSOCIATION NOTES

The Skye Terrier, like the rest of us, has had his ups and downs. During Queen Victoria's reign he was a great favourite; the Queen always had several about her, and no home, at least in Scotland, was complete without a Skye Terrier. Then came the influx of foreign breeds, when Skyes, like so many other of our native breeds, suffered eclipse; this eclipse is over, and the Skye is again emerging. He is a dog of most attractive character, very intelligent, devoted to his friends, but not at all anxious to make friends with strangers. He is immensely popular abroad—at the show I judged in Paris any of the Skyes in the open class could have won here—and he is equally popular in Germany. Mrs. Eaden's Skyes are well known and she owns a good one in Ch. Anne. She sends a snapshot of some puppies and says, "I want good homes for them. They are eleven months old, lovely ears, good bodies and coats; I would not refuse any reasonable offer."

The Dachshund, though originally a German breed, really has become "one of us." He was also a favourite with Queen Victoria, a halo of romance being round him, as Prince Albert brought one with him from Germany. He is still very popular in his native land and has much to recommend him, being a clever dog of marked appearance. Shows have not spoilt either his appearance or his character. Mrs.



SKYE TERRIER PUPPIES

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# EGYPT

*'Thank heaven we came'*

'Look at that moonlight on the Pyramids'

'Egypt's more beautiful than anything we ever imagined. And the winter climate's so wonderful'

'I'm mad to see Luxor. And the Nile and the desert, too . . . By the way, I had a p.c. from Home this morning'

'Any news?'

'No . . . just that it was very cold and raining'



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- \* Visit the tomb of Tutankhamen in the Valley of the Kings at Luxor; it will be an unforgettable experience.
- \* When you want exercise, remember there are golf courses in Cairo and Alexandria, and tennis is played everywhere. You can also ride or play polo.
- \* To travel in Egypt is to travel comfortably and efficiently—whether by rail, boat, or air.

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- Full information from the Egypt Travel Bureau, 29 Regent Street, London, S.W.1, or from travel agencies.

TRAVEL BY THE MISR AND KHEDIVIAL MAIL STEAMSHIP LINES

## "Old Desires"—continued from p. 134

" 'But quick if—' she broke off abruptly. 'Who sent you?' she finished.

" 'Herbert Greytown,' I said. Her manner underwent an immediate change at this; it seemed to me that she had been grievously disappointed. For a moment she said nothing and then in a dull voice she repeated the word 'Herbert.'

" 'He has asked me to ask you for some letters of his,' I went on. 'He appears to have some absurd notion in the back of his head that now or later you may be tempted to blackmail him. At least that's how I understand the matter. Until I met you, I must say I thought there might have been a chance; but now that I have, I've not the slightest doubt that Greytown's a bit cracked. Still, I have been asked to get the letters—and there it is.' I lit a cigarette at this point and, not meeting her eyes, remained upright in my chair, staring at the empty fireplace in front of me. For a moment she said nothing; then she rose slowly to her feet.

" 'And suppose I don't hand them over,' she said.

" 'I'm to wait here, and Greytown is to send me further instructions.' The lady considered this answer a moment.

" 'I think I understand,' she replied. 'Herbert always was a very clever person. Are you clever?'

" 'I! Oh, no; I'm a perfect fool,' I stammered out.

" 'The women will love you,' she said. 'We don't love really clever people. I'll get you the letters if you wait here.' She left the room and I was too astonished to rise and open the door for her. But when the door had shut I rose to my feet precipitously. I was more excited than I had thought; and with my mission, apparently an impossible one, accomplished, I was elated. When I had been announced I had been too nervous to take in the details of the room; but now, with a desire to work off some of my inward excitement, I strode about the place, looking at the pictures and examining the furnishings. It was all in very good taste, but there was not much to claim one's attention, and I was about to resume my seat when a small table by the door caught my attention. It was one of those marquetry things with a glass top and underneath the glass there lay on velvet various knick-knacks. A gold thimble; a finely-worked pair of scissors; a few coins and one or two miniatures. I was turning away when the centre miniature caught my eye. The portrait reminded me vaguely of myself; but when I looked at it closer I recognised the sitter without much difficulty. It was my father. I was still looking at it

in amazement when the door swung open behind me, and the lady returned, carrying in her hands a small packet of letters. I turned instantly from the case and faced her; but whether she knew that I had seen my father's picture or not I don't know. Her face gave no sign as she handed the bundle over to me.

" 'There they are,' she said. 'If I may give you a word of advice, Tony,' she went on, 'never write letters to a woman; but especially don't do so when she is in love with someone else.' She stood by the door and, as I bent over to kiss her hand on parting, she gently stroked my head with the other.

" 'I hope,' she said in conventional tones, 'you will find your family well on your return.'

" 'Thank you, madame,' I answered. 'For a man of his age my father continues to enjoy the best of health.' She withdrew her hand slowly.

" 'I am glad,' she said slowly. I left her standing at the top of the stairs looking down at me as I made my way to the front door and, as I let myself out, she waved to me once.' He paused. 'Well, do you think the late Baron was a fool?' he finished.

" 'No; but maybe your father was; no offence, mind,' the man on his left replied.

THE END.

*Ciganyiana*, the B.B.C.'s latest successor to "Café Colette," made its first appearance on the programme last Tuesday, October 12. The music is provided by the genuine Ciganyi Orchestra of the Hungaria Restaurant, and the star singer is Otto Fassel, a brilliant newcomer from Vienna. Fassel was "discovered" by a one-time Mayor of Vienna, and made his début at the same time and in the same theatre as the great Maria Jeritz. He later formed his own company for a world tour; it included Pola Negri, Ernst Lubitsch, and Emanuel List, the Covent Garden favourite.

When the American "Radio City" opened he was invited to inaugurate it, together with Tita Ruffo.

*Revuedeille 97* opened at the Windmill Theatre on October 11, Meggie Eaton and Mollie Hallowell being the soubrettes and Hal Bryan and Dick Montague provide plenty of laughs, while Eric Woodburn, Dick Hurran, Kenneth Birrell and Ivor Beddoes all put in excellent work. A newcomer is Lisa D'Esterre, a delightful singer. Ted Andrews entertains with his guitar and Ernest Shannon with his brilliant impersonations.

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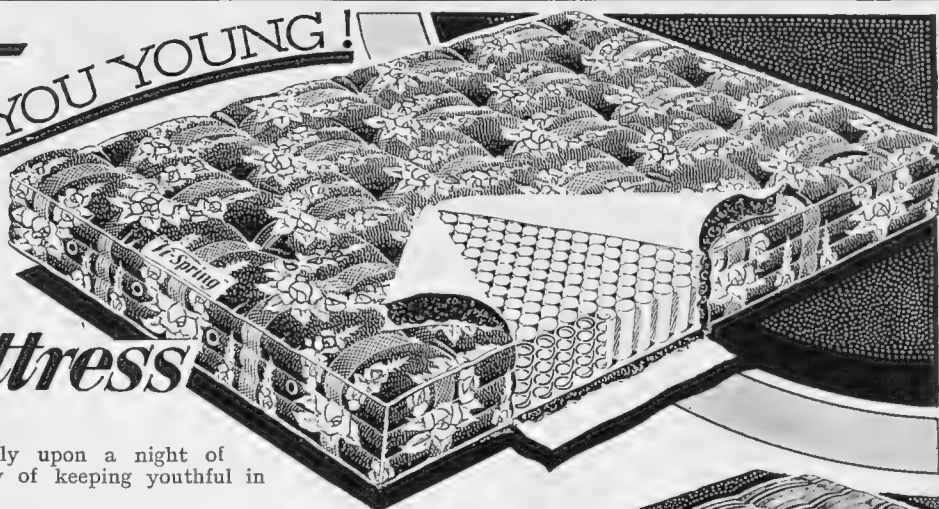
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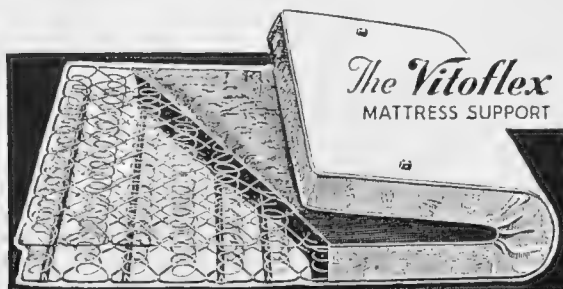
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## PAGES from our AUTUMN STYLE BOOK

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ALBEMARLE.—A three-piece in Scotch tweed comprises a suit of brown and beige check and a plain seven-eighth length overcoat having a collar, revers, and pocket trimmings of the check. The back hangs loosely and there are semi-bell sleeves. This outfit looks delightful also in Shetland and Cumberland tweeds. Ready-to-wear. Price

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« HAVE YOU EVER DRIVEN ONE? »

## A Rugby Letter—continued from p. 138

help fancying that P. Cranmer and R. Leyland would now be more appreciated than they were last season. The pack and the wings are good enough almost for anything, but the remainder of the side still leave a lot to be desired.

The London Welsh, when at full strength, must rank as one of the most interesting sides in London. They began quite well with three successive victories, but it was not altogether surprising when, without Claude Davey and V. G. J. Jenkins, among others, they were beaten but not disgraced by the strong Coventry side. Any team which includes two such players as Davey and Jenkins is worth watching, and, in addition, there is G. H. Davies at stand-off half, and a small but extremely useful centre in H. John. In one respect, however, they could add to their attractions. For the last season or two it seems that the numbers on the players' jerseys have not been renewed, and it is extraordinarily difficult to distinguish the pale pink numerals at a distance. Of course, it might be worse still; they might use letters such as those which have for long concealed the identity of many Leicester players.

Quite one of the most interesting events of recent weeks has been the reappearance of Cliff Jones, the famous Light Blue and Welsh stand-off half after nearly a year's absence through injury. He got through his first match without any ill-effects, though naturally he



AT THE SCOTTISH RETRIEVER TRIALS AT DUPPLIN

The Retriever Trials of the Scottish Field Trials Association were held recently on Lord Forteviot's policies at Dupplin, Perthshire. The picture shows Lord Forteviot's house-party with the judges. Included in the group are Lord and Lady Forteviot, Sir Douglas Ramsay, of Banff, Captain and Mrs. Pelham-Burn, Major-General Brownrigg, Major C. Falconar Stewart, Mr. Rose, Mr. J. Eccles, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Turner, Mr. James Gaunt, and Sir Charles Cayzer

was hardly at the top of his form. It is difficult, and probably impossible, to estimate what his absence cost Wales last season; it is certainly safe to say that they were an entirely different side without him. He is, of course, one of the great individual players in a day when great individualists are few, and his return will be welcomed by all who delight in inspired play. It is a thousand pities that he is so liable to damage from men whose strength easily exceeds their skill.

It was with deep regret that the older school of Rugby players heard of the death recently of P. W. Stout, the old English international, who gained several caps as a three-quarter in 1898 and 1899. He also played for Gloucester and for Richmond, and was a well-known figure in the West Country. His brother, Frank Stout, had a much longer and more distinguished football career, and died some years after the war as the result of injuries received on active service.

\* \* \*

## Concerning Golf—continued from p. 110

"ex"—something or other, which one is unlikely to be again. I have myself recently been elected as ex-Amateur Champion of Germany. Illingworth, however, forfeited his membership by being selected to play for England against France, and our present president is Eric Martin Smith, who won the Amateur Championship in 1931.

As for Bourn, now a proud father, marriage seems to have had a good effect on his golf, for I read that at Walton Heath he was scarcely in the rough from beginning to end. Bourn as a bachelor was never out of it.





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## Entertainments à la Carte—continued from p. 117

Mr. Priestley, adapting to his purpose the seeming familiarity of some people and places never encountered, makes the schoolmaster start with near-recognition of the German exile (not because he resembles Messrs. Augustus John and Montagu Norman). The husband appears to remember the inn he has never visited, the wife to recollect words she has never heard. The first meeting between the lovers is electric in its suggestion of contact already made. The magnetism cannot be denied; they must come together. The atmosphere of agony grows tense to the point of explosion. There will be suicide, scandal, ruin for hundreds, unless. . . .

It is less Dunne than the esoteric Ouspensky who inspires the formula for putting a stitch in time; Ouspensky with his conception of Time swinging round in ordained grooves along spiral tracks. It has brought you here before to do just this; it will bring you round to do it again . . . unless through degeneration or self-destruction you



MARY ASTOR AND HAT

A still from Samuel Goldwyn's South Sea Island film, *Hurricane*, in which charming Mary Astor plays a featured part. This picture is due in London more or less soon. For details of its theme see page 119

fall into the abyss, or through effort by your trinity of Memory Imagination, Will you sway into a new spiral. The Professor, delving into his own last cycle of existence, has played detective with clues based on his conversation with the wife and schoolmaster two years after the elopement which is about to happen. It is true that he induced the fantastic feat of memory with drugs and fasting. What of it? Here the thing is, correctly written in his little black book before the present event. And if a tragedy can be foreseen on a different curve of time, why not intervene to stop its recurrence? He is there to do so. To persuade the husband against self-destruction, he has his time-spirals and their proof in the little black book. So the husband makes his effort of imagination and will, and by staying alive swings himself into a new time-spiral, where he is free from ancient fears and phantoms.

What, then, of the hundreds of small investors who, as a result, will not be ruined as they were when the manufacturer shot himself in the other cycles of time? Some of them will be swung into different circles through no effort of their own. Suppose that next time 1914 occurs, the Serbian assassin, Princip (suddenly sensitive that he has been there before) stops himself from shooting the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand. By his restraint a war is averted or postponed; and the spirals in time are changed for uncounted millions. With individual action thus eddying across the community for good or ill, this particular time-theory is either preposterous or beyond all logic in three dimensions.

There still remains, at the Royalty, a stimulating basis of speculation and, which is more, a highly original play wherein Mr. Priestley's Yorkshire hills, "the high, waste lands," resemble the mystical mountains of Moab. Mr. Wilfrid Lawson's performance of the manufacturer ridden by work, whisky and a demon of unhappiness is nothing less than haunting. Mr. Casson gives rich lucidity to the Professor's metaphysics-for-the-million. Mr. William Heilbronn and Miss Eileen Beldon are admirable in local colour. Admittedly, "I Have been Here Before" demands a bit more effort than is needed to enjoy "Time and the Conways," but these two plays make the average look like ninepence-ha'penny. They prove what for long has been evident—that Mr. Priestley is the most considerable dramatist which the nineteen-thirties are likely to produce.

A. B.





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Simple lines and gleaming fabrics distinguished the new collection of Gloria Vanderbilt gowns which was recently presented at Harrods, Knightsbridge. Though colours were shown, black predominated both for day and evening, in many cases relieved by a contrasting shade, or touch of rich embroidery. A charming black lace dinner frock, cut with a full picture skirt, was appliquéd here and there with large velvet leaves, while another model in black velvet showed gold embroidery at the neck and hem. It was lightly shirred above the waist and had short raglan sleeves. Several white evening gowns were shown, one sprayed with diamanté

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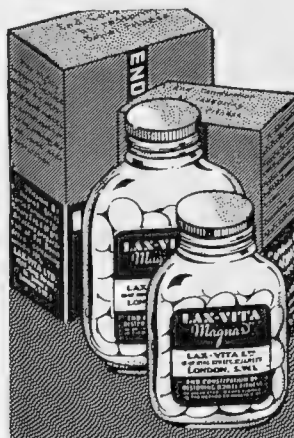
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Who can blame a man for not giving up his seat in a bus, when we women are always talking about equality? Still, it is hard luck when you've had a really exhausting day on your feet & they're aching fit to make you weep.

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## NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

**F**riends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1. The tragic case of an elderly gentlewoman left almost destitute by the death of her brother last year, urgently needs our help. She was brought up in comfortable surroundings and her early life was entirely given up to nursing her invalid mother. Now, living in a town in the East of England, she finds herself struggling in her latter days with real poverty and failing health. When poverty comes to gentlefolk a certain reticence prevents their appealing for any form of charity 'till literally faced with semi-starvation, but if we can promise this pathetic lady even five shillings weekly her life will be a little less grim. Will any kind person send us £13 that we may do this?

\* \* \*

**A**t the Streatham Hill Theatre this week a new play by W. Chetham Strode is being presented, with Nicholas Hannen, Angela Baddeley and Arthur Wontner in the cast. Next week, October 25, Edmund Gwenn will appear in *Ninety Sail*, a new play, prior to West End production. It is a period play of the time of Charles II, with Edmund Gwenn playing the part of Samuel Pepys. For four weeks, commencing Boxing Day, Prince Littler's Drury Lane production of *Jack and the Beanstalk* will be presented at this theatre.

\* \* \*

**O**n Lord Mayor's Day Chelsea Town Hall will have an attraction to which sightseers should flock, for the outstanding feature of an ex-Service fair will be a Grand Tombola, in which there will be four thousand prizes—and no blanks.

Forty ladies, members of the Women's Council and Branch Committees of the King's Roll Clerks' Association, are now hard at it collecting gifts to be offered as prizes, and their success, already achieved, gives promise of one of the most interesting tombolas in recent times.



CONTROLLER OF THE  
KING'S ROLL CLERKS' ASSO-  
CIATION'S TOMBOLA:  
LADY KNOX

Lady Knox, wife of General Sir Harry Knox, K.C.B., Adjutant-General to the Forces, is at the head of the very strong Committee which is organising a Grand Tombola in aid of severely disabled war veterans. This will be held in Chelsea Town Hall on Lord Mayor's Day, November 9

Countess Haig is president, the Marchioness of Fitchfield is chairman, and the Dowager Viscountess Plumer is vice-chairman of the Council.

Lady Knox, wife of the Adjutant-General to the Forces, is controller, and among the many service ladies who are helping her are the Lady Chatfield (wife of the First Sea Lord), Lady Deverell (wife of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff), Lady May (wife of the Quarter-master-General) and the Viscountess Trenchard.

In addition to the tombola there will be a market-place, with side-shows, and military music.

\* \* \*



ON THE TOMBOLA COMMITTEE:  
LADY CHATFIELD

Lady Chatfield's husband, who was raised to the peerage on the occasion of the Coronation, is the former Sir Ernie Chatfield, G.C.B. He is an Admiral of the Fleet, First Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval Staff. Lady Chatfield is on the Committee of the Tombola at the Chelsea Town Hall

**H**ave you noticed this last year or so the charming advertising appearing as "This England," each piece consisting of an artistic photograph of some part of rural England, with a few lines of suitable, sensitively written prose? A book entitled "This England" is being issued by Messrs. Worthington and Co., Ltd., and its success is proved by the number of letters that reach them daily, not only from all parts of the British Isles but from all over the world, each full of congratulation in respect of the reproductions of the beauty spots that characterise "This England."





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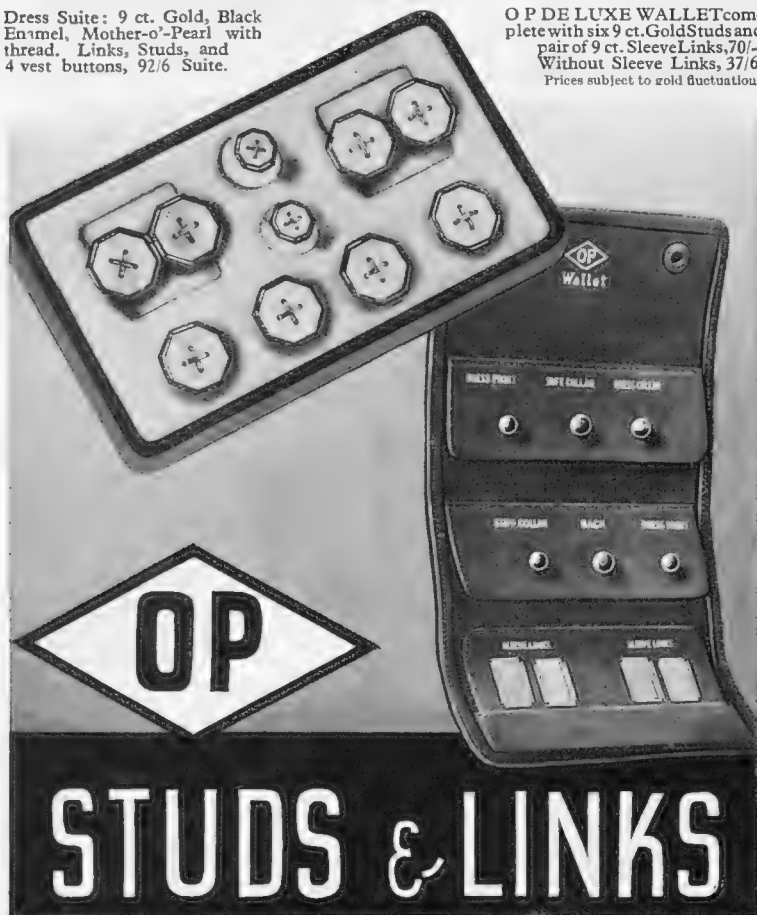
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## Air Eddies—continued from p. 136

Test Pilots.

More and more does the de Havilland Company become a family affair, and I think it is delightful to see the way in which the family has entered into the business and the way in which the members take an active part in the development of the firm's aircraft. Although I gather there is no longer an official post of chief test pilot, all the testing is now being done by Major Hereward de Havilland, brother, and by Mr. Geoffrey de Havilland, son, of Captain de Havilland, the head of the firm. Actually, these two have been working for some time on the Albatross and on the new Don trainer. Captain de Havilland himself is, I suppose, more genuinely admired by people in the inside of aviation than anybody else. He is a designer, a pilot and a personality; and from the first he has lived for and in his job. His victory in the 1933 King's Cup air race, when he flew one of his own Leopard Moths, was the most popular win there has ever been.

When I flew my two-hundredth aeroplane type—and, rightly or wrongly, I counted a 2C and a 2E as two types—I thought I had set a record which would be hard to beat. It has, of course, been beaten again and again since; but I do not suppose that anybody will ever beat Captain de Havilland's record for having flown machines of his own design. The total, including all types, must be big, and I should much doubt if there are many specialist test pilots who can get anywhere near it. It is really satisfactory to see a pioneer in design and piloting retaining his keenness and interest, and to see his family maintaining the traditions he established.

## Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 140

Since then I have owned cars which, from the time of purchase to the time of sale, have not given me a moment's trouble. Trustworthy in the highest degree, comfortable, quiet, efficient—yet I cannot remember a thing about them. As I say, there is a place for the car that is a personality and for the car that is an unobtrusive servant; but when you make or when you buy, I think it is a mistake to imagine that you can have the two qualities in the same machine.

Vauxhall Ten.

The new Vauxhall Ten, which Cecil Taylor introduced me to at the Dorchester the other day, is, in every sense, a generous car. It gives freely in miles per gallon, in riding comfort, in performance, in road holding, in body space. For the moment I am not going to enter into arguments about that petrol consumption figure of over 40 miles per gallon. The car has been proved at this figure under conditions which do not admit of mistakes, and there is not the slightest doubt that this low petrol consumption is a fact. Then there is the Vauxhall independent front wheel mounting, originally introduced in the big model, which now appears in the same form in this one. It employs torsion bars and tubes for springing, and an enclosed coil spring.

Lagonda.

Rumours were humming long before the opening of the Show about the 1938 form of the Lagonda V12. I was particularly glad to see that the form of independent front wheel mounting, with torsion bar springs lying lengthwise along the frame, has been retained, for whatever may have been its teething troubles, this form of suspension seems absolutely right for the car. The engine is of 4,480 c.c. capacity with a R.A.C. rating of 41.85 h.p. It has the cylinder banks set at an angle of 60 degrees, and the valves are worked by overhead camshafts. In its latest form the car is lower in build and this enhances its appearance.

Lanchester.

In my last week's notes I was only able briefly to mention the new Lanchester Roadrider de Luxe. This has the Daimler form of independent front wheel mounting, and the Daimler fluid flywheel transmission. The engine of the Roadrider de Luxe is of 1,809 c.c. and is rated at 14.06 h.p. and taxed at ten guineas. The valves are overhead, operated by push-rods. Final drive is by spiral bevel instead of the worm drive, which has been used in the past. When the new model was first displayed on the stage of the London Casino it made an excellent impression. It is a good-looking car and the detail points have been well provided for with such things as an adjustable steering column, enclosed spare wheel, rubber-mounted rear springs, hand-brake lever fitted out of the way under the dash on the off side, thermostatically controlled cooling, an insulated exhaust system and anti-roll bars front and rear.

Railton

The name of Railton goes with high speed and with good power-weight ratio; with all the things that make motoring something more than a mode of progression. In the new Railton range there is a most interesting 17 h.p. car which faithfully carries on the tradition set by the bigger model. It has a 2,723 c.c. engine which develops 76 brake horse power at 3,800 revolutions, and which promises to give all the performance one can want with something of that same easy motion for which the eight-cylinder has been famous. The wheelbase of the 17 h.p. Railton is 117 inches against the 122 inches of the short wheelbase eight-cylinder model, and this is ample to provide for the enormously roomy bodies which people seem to want nowadays. I expect this six-cylinder to re-echo the popularity of the eight.



# UNIFORMLY FINE



*"My Never-failing Friends.."*

Robert Southey, 1774

Like an affectionate handclasp and a cheery smile, "BLACK & WHITE" conveys its loyal friendship in a manner unsurpassed. For this grand old whisky gets its fine character from the richest reserves of aged whisky in Scotland.

**"BLACK & WHITE"**

SCOTCH WHISKY,

*It's the Scotch!*



## For Lips and Lashes.

The warm and radiant colours that give the South Sea Islands their mysterious attraction can bring fresh life to a woman's make-up. The new Tattoo lipstick will certainly glow on wintry days, for it is made in several clear red shades and is definitely indelible. One great advantage is that it does not become flaky, but remains smooth and moist. A sample can be obtained by applying to Tattoo Ltd., 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1, enclosing a postal order for sixpence. This firm have also produced a cream mascara which is very easy to apply, since it is simply squeezed from the tube on to the special brush provided. It is waterproof and excellent for bathing

## Flowers in Winter.

"Our England is a Garden," but, naturally enough, when winter comes its flowers have faded. True flower perfumes are then more pleasing than ever, and these are found in the scents prepared by Zenobia. Their Old English Lavender is delightfully refreshing, with the fragrance of an old walled garden. It is perfectly suitable for any occasion, indoors or in the open air, and should be lightly sprayed on with an atomiser. The perfume will then last throughout the day, particularly if furs are worn, as these remain fragrant for a long time. Zenobia Lavender is obtainable practically everywhere, from one shilling to seven and sixpence. Other scents are Lily of the Valley and Bean Blossom

## LIP SERVICE

And other  
matters



## How to Keep Your Set.

A woman can alter her whole appearance by the way in which she does her hair. She may also completely spoil it if her coiffure is at all untidy, and carefully set curls can lose their sculptured appearance overnight if they are not protected. The "Halo" sleeping cap is made with a wig fitting and—a point which will appeal to many women—without a chin-strap. There is no danger of it slipping off, however, for elastic bands are drawn round from the back and looped over small buttons in front; they can thus be adjusted to the size of the head so that the net fits comfortably. This cap is available at chemists and stores in six pastel shades and costs one shilling and elevenpence

## Tread Softly.

New lines have arrived in evening shoes as well as evening dresses. Many are high in front but cut right away at the sides, as in the models now being shown by Derry and Toms, in the Kensington High Street. One very light toeless sandal has a high vamp of black silk mesh edged with studded bands; another glitters with diamanté motifs on its broad satin straps. A rather more solid Grecian slipper in black suede has the high back which gives such a slim line to the ankle. This is brightened by multi-coloured ribbon trimming and would be delightful for cocktail parties; it costs 39s. 6d. Another toeless slipper for the same price is laced like a walking shoe, but in silver

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Happy I should be.  
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How the world would envy me.  
On second thoughts, perhaps I ought  
to stick to Double Diamond Port.

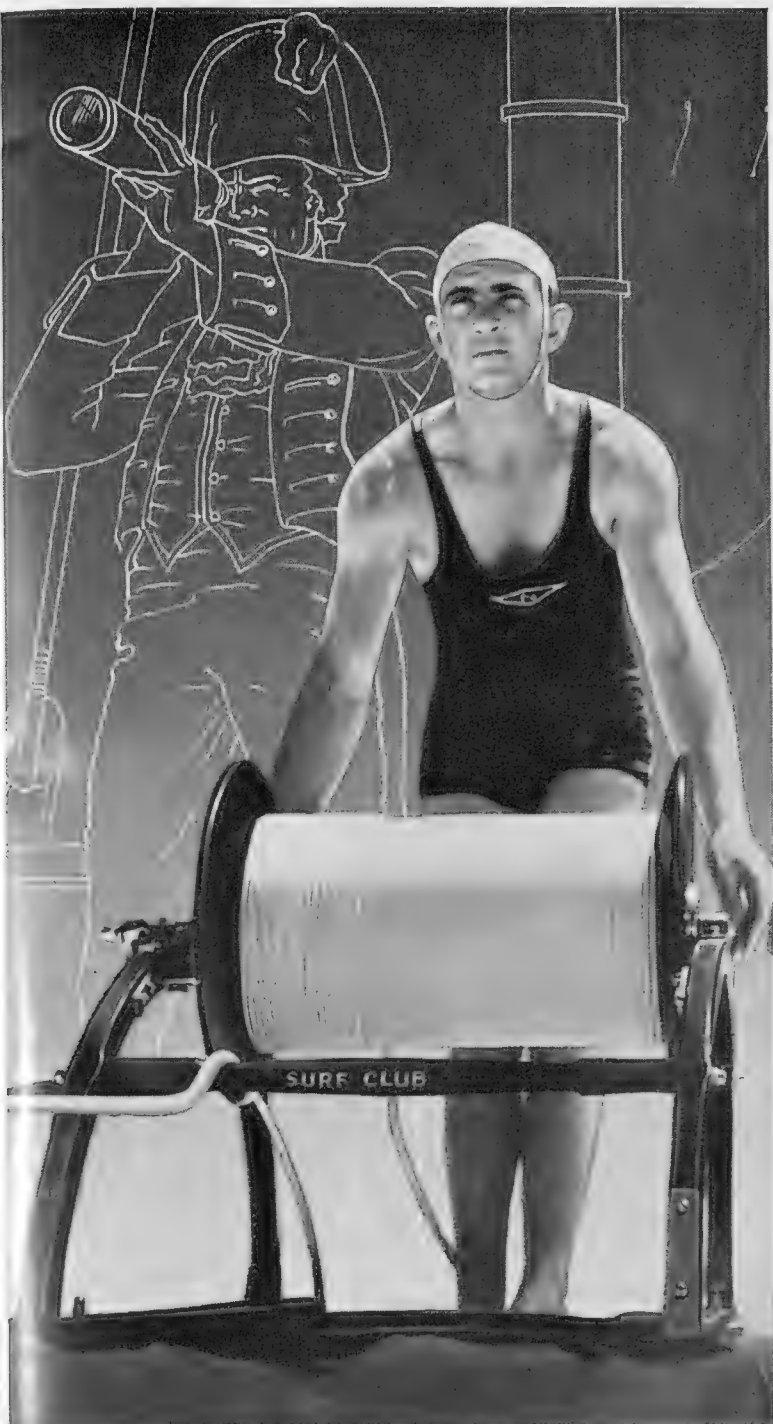
Yes, for 6/6 a bottle,  
you may buy a Port  
with the matchless  
quality of that glorious  
"Florentine"  
diamond which collectors  
would give  
fortunes to possess, but  
Messrs. Morgan Brothers  
beg to state that you  
MUST insist on



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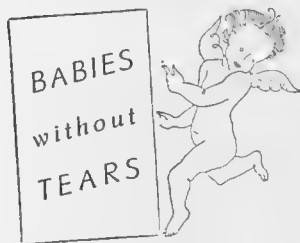


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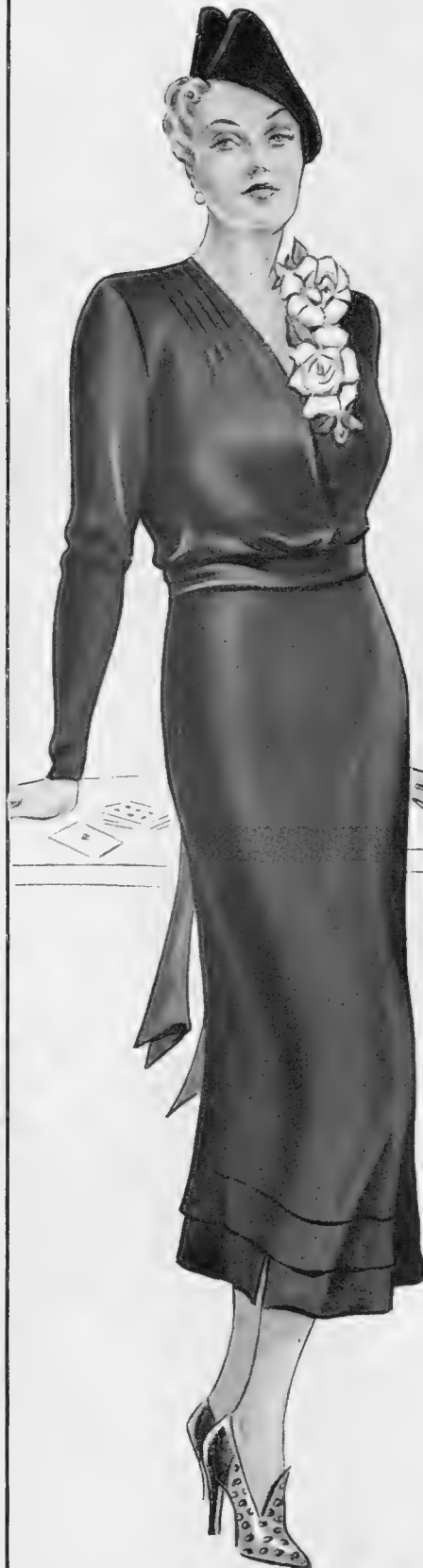
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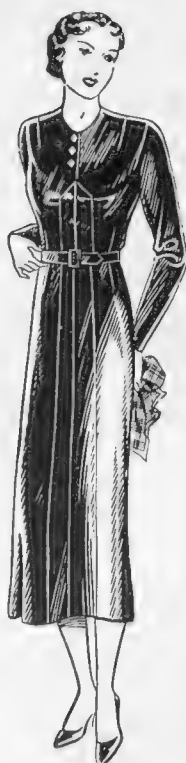
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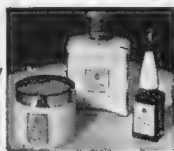
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EF (30)

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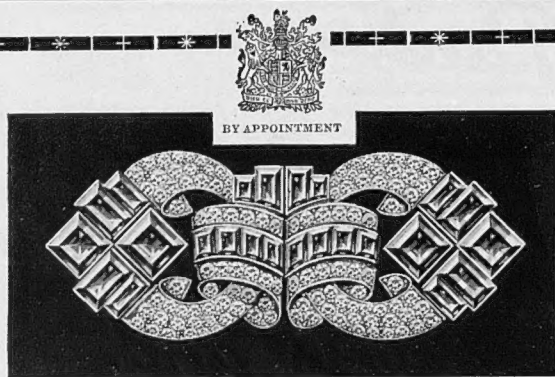
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## HOW DOES ONE GET THERE?

By Plane—New York to Miami 8 hours. Miami to Nassau by Pan American Clipper 2 hours.  
By Train—New York to Miami 30 hours, and then by Plane 2 hours, or overnight by ship.  
By Ship—from New York to Nassau 2½ days. By Pacific Navigation Co. via Azores, 12 days. By Cunard White Star Line, via New York, from 7 days.

## WHAT IS THE CLIMATE LIKE?

Finest winter climate in the world. The temperature ranges between 80° F. and 90° F. from May to November and between 68° F. and 79° F. from December to May. Nassau has been recognized as a health resort for over 200 years.

## WHAT DOES ONE DO THERE?

Life moves at an even pace in Nassau, but one can be gay or quiet at will. There are glittering night clubs and quiet spacious hotels. Fashionable bathing beaches and sleepy palm-fringed coves. There are opportunities for every type of sport and amusement.

## WHAT IS THE SCENERY LIKE?

Charming old streets and green lawns. Palms, white beaches and an azure sea. Red hibiscus trees, oleanders, cassias and calabash and orchid trees. The old water front. Stately Colonial houses. Modern shops. Native fishing boats and handsome yachts. Fairly-coloured underwater coral gardens.

## PLENTY OF SPORT?

Yes. Two golf courses. Tennis. Riding. Polo. Fishing. Shooting (wild pigeon, duck). Sailing. Bathing. Horse-racing.

## WHAT IS THE BATHING LIKE?

Magnificent! White sandy beaches and buoyant sapphire seas. Quiet little bays for sunbathing and more elaborate beaches with dressing rooms, music, bars and cafes.

## ARE THE HOTELS GOOD?

First rate! Very modern with excellent service. Swimming pools, sun verandahs, tennis, squash, badminton, bridge. Private bathing beaches, luxuriant tropical gardens. Continental chefs. Bahamian, American and European dishes.

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NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

The Bahamas Development Board, Nassau  
Information Bureau, 211 Piccadilly, W. 1.

## CONTINENTAL HOTELS

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FRANCE	<b>Cologne</b> .— <b>Schweizerhof, Victoriastrasse 11</b> .—100 beds, all mod. comf., gar., cent., quiet sit., home fr. home. Incl. tms. fr. RM. 7. Man. P. Prenzel.	
<b>Cannes</b> .— <b>Hotel Grande Bretagne</b> .—Quiet, sheltered, large sunny park, motor ser., casino, golf. Pen. terms fr. 12/6 & 15/-; or 4 Gns. & £5 wkly.	<b>Leipzig</b> .— <b>Hotel Astoria</b> .—The latest and most perf. hotel building. Select home of Intern. Soc. and Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung. Coun. of Com.	
<b>Menton</b> .— <b>Hotel de Venise</b> .—Leading in quality and comfort. Central and sunny. Beautiful park. Noted cuisine. Tariff on application.	<b>Wiesbaden</b> .— <b>Hotel Schwarzer Bock</b> .—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.	
<b>Monte-Carlo</b> .— <b>Hotel Bristol and Majestic</b> .—200 rms., 80 baths, facing sea, bridgerrn. & bar. Gar. for 20 cars in hotel. Full board from 60 Frs. on.	<b>Wiesbaden</b> .— <b>Hotel Nassauer Hof</b> .—World-rnd. Finest position opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Socy. Pens. fr. 12 Mk.	
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